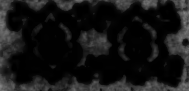
THE VIRGIN MARTIR,

A TRAGEDIE,

AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS times publickely Acted with great Applause,

By the Servants of his Majesties Revels.

Written { Philip Massinger and Thomas Dekar.



LONDON,
Printed by *B. A.* for *Thomas Iohnes.* 1622.

The Actors names.

Diocleſian, *Maximinus*, } Emperours of Rome.

A King of *Pontus*.

A King of *Epire*.

A King of *Macedon*.

Sapritius, Gouernour of *Cæſaria*.

Theophilus, a zealous perſecutor of the Chriſtians.

Sempronius, Captaine of *Sapritius* Guards.

Antoninus, ſonne to *Sapritius*.

Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.

Harpax an euill ſpirit, following *Theophilus* in the ſhape of a Secretary.

Artemia, daughter to *Diocleſian*.

Caliſte, *Chriſteta*. } Daughters to *Theophilus*.

Dorothea, The Virgin Martyr.

Angelo, a good ſpirit, ſeruing *Dorothea* in the habite of a Page.

A Britiſh Slaue.

Hercius, a Whoremaſter. } Seruants to *Dorothea*.

Spungius, a Drunkard. }

A Prieſt to *Iupiter*.

Officers and Executioners.

THE

THE VIRGIN MARTIR.

Actus primus. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to *Cæsarea* to night
Harpax. Most true sir.
Theoph. The Emperour in person!
Harpax. Do I live,
Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange, the marches of great Princes
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are slep, by slep obserued, and feard long'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainments
And were it possible, so great an host,
Though couer'd with the night, could be so neere
The Gouernour could not be so vnprouided
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret meanes he should haue notice
Of *Cæsars* purpose in this, then excuse me
If I appeare more dulle
Harpax. At your pleasure.
Theop. Yet when I call'd to mind you neuer fail'd me
In things more difficult, but haue discouered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither were the acts, nor secret vaults,
No nor the power they serue, could keep these Christians,
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magicke
Still layd them open: I begin againe
To be as confident as heretofore
It is not possible thy powerfull arte
Should meete a checke, or fayle

Enter a Priest with the image of Iupiter, Calliste, Christeta.

Harp. Looke on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods haue giu'n you,
Your chast faire daughters, Were't not to vpbraid
A seruice to a maister not vnthankfull,
I could say this in spite of your preuention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yeelded vp themselues
To this new found religion. This I crosd,
Discouerd their intentions, taught you to vse
With gentle words and milde persuasions,
The power, and the authority of a father
Set off with cruell threats and so reclaimd 'em,
And whereas they with torments should haue dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they vndergone it) aside
They are now votaries in great Iupiters temple,
And by his Priest instructed, growne familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Diette.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I euer owe you, Haile *Father Flamen*,
Haue these my daughters reconcil'd the mistake
(Abandoning for euer the Christian way)
To your opinion.

Priest. And are constant in't,
They teach their teachers with their depth of iudgement,
And are with arguments able to conuert
The vnbeleeuer to our gods and answer all
They can obiect against vs.

Theoph. My deere daughters,

Callist. We dare dispute against this new sprung sect
In priuate or publicke.

Harpax. My best Lady
Perseuer in it.

Christeta. And what we maintaine
We will seale with our bloods.

Harpax. Braue resolution.

I eu'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I yong againe to your deuotions.

Harpax. Doe-

My prayers be present with you. *exeunt Priest and daughters.*

Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.*

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steelst
My bloody resolutions, thou that armst
My eyes gainst womanish teares and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to looke on
Babes torne by violence from their mothers brests
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torne by dogs:
Virgins and mattons tire the executioners,
Yet I vnsatisfied thinke their torments easie.

Harpax. And in that iust, not cruell.

Theoph. Weare all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offerd me, all crownes layd at my feete,
I would contemne them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posteritie might be cald
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods
And rooter out of Christians.

Harpax. Oh mine owne,
Mine owne deere Lord, to further this great worke
I euer liue thy slaue.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theoph. No more the Gouernour.

Sapr. Keepe the ports close, and let the guards be doubl'd
Disarme the Christians, kill it death in any
To weare a sword, or in his house to haue one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir,

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub vp this growing mischiefe by the roots,
And know when we are mercifull to them,
We to our selues are cruell.

Semp. You poure oyle

On fire that burnes already at the height,
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no fauour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of your great maister, who this night in person
Comes here to thanke you.

Sapritius. Who the Emperour?

Har. To cleere your doubts, he does return in triumph,
Kings lackying by his triumphant Chariot,
And in this glorious victory my Lord,
You haue an ample share: for know your sonne,
The nere enough commended *Antonius*,
So well hath fleshd his maiden sword, and died
His snowy plumes so deepe in enemies blood,
That besides publicke grace, beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
No meane in thine could this be true.

Harpax. My head answer the forfeit.

Sapritius. Of his victory
There was some rumor, but it was all lost,
The army passd a full dayes iourney higher
Into the countrey.

Harpax. It was so determin'd,
But for the further honour of your sonne,
And to obserue the gouernment of the city,
And with what rigor or remisse indulgence
The Christians are pursude, he makes his stay here,
For proofe his trumpets speake his neere arriuall.

Trumpets sound a farre off.

Sap. Haste good *Sempronius*, draw vp our guards,
And with all ceremonious pompe receiue
The conquering army. Let our garrison speake
Their welcome in lowd shouts, the citie shew
Her state and wealth.

Sempr. I am gone. *exit Sempronius.*

Sapr. O I am rauish'd

With

With this great honour, cherish good *Theophilus*.
This knowing scholler, lend your faire daughters
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conuersion, as a mirror
Expresse your zeale and duty.

A lesson of Cornets.

Theoph. Fetch them good *Harpax*.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, *Souldiers leading in three kings bound,* Antoninus *and* Maximus *carrying the Emperors Eglet,* Dioclesian *with a gilt laurell on his head; leading in* Artemia, Sapritius *killes the Emperors hound, then embraces his sonne,* Harpax *brings in* Calista *and* Christeta, *lowd showts.*

Diocle. So at all parts I finde *Caesar*
Compleatly gouernd, the licentious soulder
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigor,
The ancient Roman discipline reuiu'd
(Which rays'de Rome to her greatnes, and proclaim'd her
The glorious mistresse of the conquerd world)
But aboue all the seruice of the gods
So zealously obseru'd, that (good *Saprius*)
In words to thanke you for your care and duty
Were much vnworthy *Dioclesians* honor.
Or his magnificence to his loyall seruants.
But I shall find a time with noble titles,
To recompence your merits.

Sapr. Mightiest *Caesar*,
Whose power vpon this globe of earth is equall
To *Ioues* in heauen, whose victorious triumphs
On prowd rebellious Kings that stir against it,
Are perfit figures of his immortall trophees
Wonne in the gyants warr, whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arme, as deadly kils
As did his thunder, all that I haue done,
Or if my strength were centupled could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge:
But if in any thing I haue deserv'd

Great *Cæsar* smile, tis in my humble care
Still to preserue the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeale to them
I euer haue expressd in my self hate
Against the Christian sect, that with one blow
Ascribing all things to an vnknowne power,
Would strike downe all their temples, and allowes them
Nor sacrifice nor altare.

Diocle. Thou in this
Walkest hand in hand with mee; my will and power
Shall not alone confirme, but honor all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar*,
If your imperiall Majestie stand pleasd
To showre your fauours vpon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion,
Looke on this reuerend man, to whom the power
Of serching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choyce committed, and for proofe
He hath deseru'd the grace impos'd vpon him,
And with a fayre and euen hand proceeded
Partiall to none, not to him selfe, or those
Of equall neerenesse to himselfe, beheld
This paire of Virgins.

Diocle. What are these?

Sapr. His daughters.

Arte. Now by your sacred fortune they are faire ones,
Exceeding faire ones, would 'twere in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your seruice else,
On these when they fell from their fathers faith
I vsde as iudges power, entreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship, I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And as they had bin strangers to my blood,
Presented them in the most horrid forme

All kind of tortures, part of which they ſufferd
With Roman conſtancy.

Arte. And could you endure
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the racke?

Theo. I did, but muſt
Confeſſe there was a ſtrange contention in me,
Betweene the impartiall office of a Iudge,
And pitty of a father, to helpe Iuſtice
Religion ſtept in, vnder which ods
Compaſſion fell, yet ſtill I was a father,
For euen then, when the ſtinky hangmans whips
Were worne with ſtripes ſpent on their tender limbs,
I kneeld, and wept, and begd them though they would
Be cruell to themſelues, they would take pittie
On my gray haires. Now note a ſodaine change,
Which I with ioy remember, thoſe whom torture
Nor feare of death could terrifie, were orecome
By ſeeing of my ſuffrings, and ſo wonne,
Returning to the faith that they were borne in,
I gaue them to the gods, and be adiurde
I that vſde iuſtice with a rigorous hand
Vpon ſuch beauteous virgins, and mine owne,
Will vſe no fauour where the cauſe commands me
To any other, but as rocks be deafe
To all intreaties.

Diocle. Thou deſeru'ſt thy place,
Still hold it and with honor, things thus orderd
Touching the gods tis lawfull to defend
To human cares, and exerciſe that power
Heauen has conferd vpon me, which that you
Rebels and treytors to the power of Rome
Should not with all extremities vndergoe,
What can you vrge to qualifie your crimes
Or mitigate my anger? *Epra.* We are now
Slaues to thy power, that yeſterday were kings,
And had command ore others, we confeſſe
Our grandſires payd yours tribute, yet left vs

As their forefathers had desire of freedome,
And if you Romans hold it glorious honor
Not onely to defend what is your owne,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happinesse) who can accuse
The famishd mouth if it attempt to feed,
Or such whose fetters eate into their freedomes,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
The last examples to proue how vncertaine
All humane happinesse is, and are prepard
To endure the worst.

Marcelius. That spoake which now is highest
In Fortunes wheele, must when she turns it next
Decline as low as we are. This considerd
Taught the Egyptian *Pharoah Sesostras*
(That had his chariot drawne by captiue kings)
To free them from that flattery, but to hope
Such mercy from a Romain, were meere madnesse.
We are familiar with what cruelty
Roome since her infant greatnesse, euer vide
Such as she triumphd ouer, age nor sexe
Exempted from her tyranny: sceptered Princes
Kept in your common dungeons, and their children
In scorne traind vp in base Mechanicke arts
For publicke bondmen; in the catalogue
Of those vnfortunate men, we exspect to haue
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Eu'n cruelty is vsefull, some must suffer
And be set vp examples to strike terror
In others though far off. But when a State
Is raysde to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firme, to shrinke, or yeeld, we may vse mercy
And do't with safety, but to whom not eowerdly
Or such whose basenesse shames the conquerors,
And robs him of his victorie, as weake *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore kings

Of

Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courteſie can vſe my priſoners
As well as make them mine by force, prouided
That they are noble enemies: ſuch I found you
Before I made you mine, and ſince you were ſo,
You haue not loſt the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune had you borne your ſelues
Deiectedly, and baſe, no ſlauery
Had beene too eaſie for you, but ſuch is
The power of noble valour, that we loue it
Eu'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Deſire to make them friends, as I will you.
Epire. Mocke vs not *Ceſar*.
Diocle. By the Gods I do not.
Vnlooſſe their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
Giue them their Crownes againe.
Pon. We are twice ouercome,
By courage and by courteſie.
Macc. But this latter,
Shall teach vs to liue euer faithfull Vaſſals,
To *Diocleſian* and the power of Rome.
Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.
Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Ceſar*.
Diocle. I beleeue
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I moſt happy Queene of fate,
Imperious Fortune mixe ſome light diſaſter
With my ſo many ioyes to ſeaſon em,
And giue them ſweeter reliſh, I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull ſubiects here,
Here bold Commanders, heere with new made friends.
But what's the crowne of all in thee *Artemia*,
My only child whoſe loue to me and duty
Striue to exceede each other,
Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I ſtand bound to tender
As a daugher, and a ſubiect.
Diocle. Which requires yet

A retribution from me. *Artemia*
Tyde by a fathers care how to bestow
A iewell of all things to me most pretious.
Nor will I therefore longer keepe thee from
The chiefe ioyes of creation, mariage rites,
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasure taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine owne
Amongst these kings forgetting they were captives,
Or these remembring not they are my subiects,
Make choyce of any, by *Iowes* dreadfull thunder,
My will shall ranke with thine.

Arte. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldome meete with.
For they, to make vp breaches in the state,
Or for some other politicke ends are forc'd
To match where they affect not, may my life
Deserue this fauour.

Diocle. Speake, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles
Or the adored name of Queene could take me,
Here would I fixe mine eyes and looke no farther.
But these are baites to take a meane borne Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father.
In that I can bring honor vnto any
But from no king that liues receiues addition
To raise desert and vertue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate were greater glory,
Then to mixe greatnesse with a Prince that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle. I commend thee,
Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choyce is to be made, where shall I seeke
But among those that best deserue from you,
That haue seru'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Haue stood next to you, that haue interposd
Their brests as shields of proofe to dull the swords

Aimd,

Aimd at your bosome, that haue spent their blood
To crowne your browes with Lawrell.
Macrinus. Cytheræa
Great Queene of loue be now propitious to me.
Harpax. Now marke what I foretold.
Anton. Her eyes on me,
Faire *Venus* sonne draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfixe her with it,
Or if thou needs wilt vse a golden one,
Shoote in the behalfe of any other,
Thou knowst I am thy votary elle where.
Artem. Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a blocke when such an Angell courts thee.
Artem. I am no obiect to diuert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze vpon
That tooke not first flight from the Egles aery,
As I looke on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reuerence Lady I behold you,
And shall do euer.
Arte. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance, but if loue
(Loue borne out of th'assurance of your vertues)
Teach me to stoope so low.
Anton. O rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why feare you to be raisd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Maiestie, or with you share my beames,
Nay make you to outshine me, change the name
Of subiect into Lord, rob you of seruice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honor you, would you refuse me?
Anton. Refuse you Madam, such a worme as I am,
Refuse, what kings vpon their knees would sue for?

Call it, great Lady, by another name,
An humble modeſty that would not match
A Molehill with *Olimpus*.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the warre,
As you are *Antoninus*, a prou'd ſouldier
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you loue valour,
As 'tis a kingly vertue, ſeeke it out,
And cheriſh it in a king, there it ſhines brighteſt,
And yeelds the braueſt luſtre. Looke on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not diſgrace him, that he was
Orecome by *Ceſar*, (it was a victory
To ſtand ſo long againſt him,) had you ſeene him,
How in one bloody ſcene he did diſcharge
The parts of a Commander, and a ſouldier,
Wiſe in direction, bold in execution,
You would haue ſayd, great *Ceſars* ſelfe excepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.
Artem. Yes I haue heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his troope,
You tooke him priſoner.
Epire. Tis a truth, great Princeſſe.
Ile not detract from valour.
Anton. T'was meere fortune,
Courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did euer man
Striue ſo againſt his owne good.
Sap. Spiritleſſe villaine,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods
I now could kill him.
Diocl. Hold *Sapritius* hold,
On our diſpleaſure hold.
Harpax. Why, this would make
A father mad, tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.
Sapr. By heauen it is,

I ſhall thinke of't.

Harpax. Tis not to be forgotten.

Art. Nay kneele not Sir, I am no rauiſher,
Nor ſo farre gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour ſafe.
Yet ſay hereafter that thou haſt neglected
What but ſeene in poſſeſſion of another
Will runne thee mad with enuy,

Anton. In her lookes
Reuenge is written.

Mac. As you loue your life ſtudy t'appeaſe her.

An. Gratious madame heare me.

Artem. And be againe refuſd?

Anton. The tender of
My life, my ſeruice, not ſince you vouchſafe it,
My loue, my heart, my all, and pardon me:
Pardon dread Princeſſe that I made ſome ſcruple
To leaue a valley of ſecuritie
To mount vp to the hill of Maieſtie,
On which the neerer *Ioue* the neerer lightning.
What knew I but your grace made triall of me?
Durſt I preſume to embrace, where but to touch
With an vnmannerd hand was death? the Foxe
When he ſaw firſt the forreſts king, the Lyon
Was almoſt dead with feare, the ſecond view
Onely a little danted him, the third
He durſt ſalute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you ſhall find a little time will teach me
To looke with more familiar eyes vpon you
Then duty yet allowes me.

Sap. Well excuſde,

Artem. You may redeeme all yet.

Diocl. And that he may
Haue meanes and opportunity to do ſo,
Artemia I leaue you my ſubſtitute
In faire *Caſarea.*

Sap. And here as your ſelfe
We will obey and ſerue her.

Diocle. Antoninus
So you proue hers I wish no other heire,
Thinke on't, be carefull of your charge *Theophilus*,
Saprutius; be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wish confederate Princes
In our Dalmatian warre, which finished
With victorie I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and copartner in the Empire
At my request wonne to confirme as much,
The kingdomes I tooke from you weele restore,
And make you greater then you were before.
Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus & Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anton. Oh I am lost for euer, lost *Macrinus*,
The anchor of the wretched, hope forsakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happinesse is put out.
Macr. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfetting in the excesse of blessings
Call their abundance want: what could you wish,
That is not falne vpon you? honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, fauour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princesse, whose excelling forme
Exceedes her fortune.
Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunke in gold, and all these flattring glories
To me, ready to starue, a painted banquet
And no essentiall foode: when I am scorcht
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her loue to me, greatnes, or Empire,
That am slaue to another, who alone
Can giue me ease or freedome?
Macr. Sir you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea*,
Is she though faire the same day to be nam'd

With best *Artemia* in all their courses
Viſemen propoſe their ends: with ſweete *Artemia*
There comes along pleaſure, ſecurity,
Vſher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With *Dorothea*, though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of Rome,
By him left rich (yet with a priuate wealth
And farre inferiour to yours) arriues
The Emperours frowne (which like a mortall plague
Speakes death is neere) the Princeſſe heauy ſcorne,
Vnder which you will ſhrinke, your fathers fury,
Which to reſiſt euen piety forbids,
And but remember that ſhe ſtands ſuſpected
A fauourer of the Chriſtian Sect, ſhe brings
Not danger but aſſured deſtruction with her:
This truely wai'd, one ſmile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cheriſh't and prefer'd before
All ioyes in *Dorothea*, therefore leaue her.

Ant. In what thou think'ſt thou art moſt wiſe, thou art
Groſely abus'd *Macrinus*, and moſt fooliſh.
For any man to match aboue his ranke,
Is but to ſell his libertie, with *Artemia*
I ſtill muſt liue a ſeruant, but enioying
Diuineſt *Dorothea*, I ſhall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband; for the danger,
Or call it if you will aſſur'd deſtruction,
I ſleight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare ſweare thou art, and wilt not take
A Gouernors place vpon thee, be my helper.

Macri. You know I dare and will doe any thing,
Put me vnto the teſt.

Antm. Goe then *Macrinus*
To *Dorothea*, tell her I haue worne,
In all the battailes I haue fought her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which like a diety
Hath ſtill protected me, thou canſt ſpeake well,
And of thy choyſeſt language, ſpare a little
To make her vnderſtand how much I loue her,

And

And how I languish for her, beare her these iewels
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not seruice,
As to my goddesse. All lets throwne behind me,
Or feares that may deter me say this morning
I meane to visite her by the name of friendship,
No words to contradict this.

Macrinus. I am yours,
And if my trauell this way be ill spent,
Iudge not, my reader will, by the euent. *exeunt*

Finis actus primus.

Actus 2. Scenus 1.

Enter Spungius and Hircius.

Spun. Turne Christian, wud he that first tempted mee to haue my shooes walke vpon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a Capon, for I am sure now the stones of all my pleasure in this fleshly life are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxecombe has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kicke for all that like a horse, looke else.

Hir. But thats a kickish Iade, fellow *Spungius*, haue not I as much cause to complaine as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidell Punke of mine, would haue let me come vpon trust for my coruetting, a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like Poulterers wiues, no money, no Cony.

Spun. Bacchus, the God of brew'd Wine and Sugar, grand Patron of rob-pots, vpsie-freesie-tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head warden of Vintners Hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all Victualing houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to bawdy-houses, *Lauze prezado* to red Noses, and inuincible Adelantado ouer the Armado of pimpled, deepe scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. what of all this?

Spun. This

Spun. This boone Bacchanalian flinker, did I make legges to.

Hirc. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunke.

Spung. There is no danger of loosing a mans yeares by making these Indures, he that will not now and then bee *Calabinge*, is worse then a *Calamuster* when I was a Pagan and kneeld to his *Backhus*, I durst not drinke a Lord, but your Christian Lords out-boule mee: I was in hope to leade a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Alhouse but I reele into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking roomes, and drabbing chambers, iumbled together.

Hirc. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first schoolemaister that taught Butchers how to sticke pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the goody Ningle that I cared for vnder the Moone, but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench & offer to vse her any thing hardly (telling her being a Christian she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a clowe, & cleaues me with disdaine as if I were a Calues head.

Spung. I see no remedy fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be halfe Pagans and halfe Christians, for we know very fooles that are Christians.

Hirc. Right, the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crowes.

Spung. True, Christian Brokers, thou knowest, are made vp of the quarters of Christians, parboyle one of these rogues and he is not meate for a dog: no, no, I am resolued to haue an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy Last shall serue my foote, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpring Lady and Mistresse sent mee with two great baskets full of Beefe, Mutton, Veale and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hir. And Woodcocke fellow *Spungius*.

Spung. Vpon the poore leane Asse fellow, on which I

ride, to all the Almswomen: what thinkst thou I haue done with all this good cheere.

Hir. Eate it, and be choakt else.

Spun. Wud my Asse, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demy Pagan, I sold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewdst thy selfe a perfect demy-Christian too, to let the poore beg, starue and hang, or dye a the pip: our puling snotty-nose Lady sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to releeue and releasse prisoners: did I so thinke you?

Spun. Wuld thy ribs were turnd into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a totall Pagan, I swore they should be hangd first: for sirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cryed a poxe in your two-penny wards, and so I tooke scurvy common flesh for the mony.

Spun. And wisely done, for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out vpon lowsie knaues, and thou to saue that labour casts it away vpon rotten whores.

Hir. All my feare is of that pinke-an-eye Iacke-an Apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan, from my cod-piece downward that white-fac'd Monkie, frights me to, I stole but a durty pudding last day out of an almsbasket, to giue my dogge when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

Hir. With the durty pudding, so he did me once with a cowturd, which in knauery I would haue crumd into ones porridge, who was halfe a Pagan to: the smug dandiprat smels vs out what soeuer we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heede I proue not his backe friend; Ile make him curse his smelling what I doe.

Hir. Tis my Lady spoyles the boy, for he is euer at her tayle and she's neuer well but in his company.

Enter Angelo *with a Booke and Taper lighted, they seeing him, counterfeit deuotion.*

Anton

Ange. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes
In shew to climbe to heauen, when your deuotion
Walkes vpon crutches: where did you waste your time
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heauenly language.

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not bene idle, take it vpon my word.

Ange. Haue you the baskets emptied which your Lady
Sent from the charitable hands, to women
That dwell vpon her pitty?

Spun. Emptied em! yes, I de be loth to haue my belly so emptie, yet I'm sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ange. And went your money to the prisoners.

Hir. Went no, I carryed it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the diuels way, the way of sinne,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:
And you to, wash away the poore mans bread
In bowles of drunkennesse.

Spun. Drunkennesse! yes, yes, I vse to bee drunke: our next neighbours man called *Christopher* has often seene me drunke, has he not?

Hir. Or me giuen so to the flesh, my cheekes speake my doings.

Ange. Auant you theeues, and hollow hypocrites.
Your hearts to me lie open like blacke bookes,
And there I reade your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? come amiable *Angelo*, beate the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets see what sparkes of wit fly out, to kindle your *Carebrums*.

Ang. Your names euen brand you, you are *Spungius* cald
And like a Spunge you sucke vp liquorous wines
Till your soule reeles to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkards legs carry him so far.

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widowes food.
And starving them, tis murder, whats this but hell.
Hircius your name, and Goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meate out of the prisoners mouth,
To fatten harlots, is not this hell to,
No Angell, but the divell waites on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throate.

Hir. No, better burne him, for I thinke he is a witch, but sooth, scotch him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Hir. And she-ones for mine, we haue 'em swim in sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I tooke too much of the pot, and he of tother hollow commodity.

Hir. Yes indeed, we layd lill on both of vs, we cousen'd the poore, but 'tis a comon thing, many a one that counts himselfe a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady, and if you take vs creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let Cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poysond tailes of Rats into those skins.

An. Will you dishonor her sweet charity.
Who sau'd you from the tree of death and shame.

Hir. Wud I were hangd rather then thus betold of my faults.

Spun. She tooke vs, tis true, from the gallowes, yet I hope she will not barre yeomen sprats to haue their swinge.

An. She comes, beware and mend. *enter Dord.*

Hir. Lets breake his necke, and bid him mend.

Dor. Haue you my messages (sent to the poore)
Deliuer'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any iot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope, neither my fellow nor I am theeues.

Hir. Deliuerd with good hands madam, else let me neuer

licke

licke my fingers more when I eate buttered fish.

Dor. Who cheate the poore, and from them plucke their almes.

Pilfer from Heauen, and there are thunderbolts
From thence to beate them euer, do not lye,
Were you both faithfull true distributers?

Spun. Lye Madame, what griefe is it to see you turne Swaggerer, and giue your poore minded rascally seruants the lye.

Dor. I'm glad you doe not, if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine eare, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part I'le cry whoope.

Ang. Play no more Villaines with so good a Lady,
For if you doe———.

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The fowle Feind snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes vs for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My booke and Taper.

Ang. Heere most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voyce sends forth such musicke, that I neuer
Was rauisht with a more celestiall sound,
Were euery seruant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come downe
To dwell with vs, thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art, get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppresst.

Ang. No my deare Lady, I could weary starres,
And force the wakefull Moone to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to waite on you.
When at your prayers you kneele before the Altar,
Me thinkes I'm singing with some Quire in Heauen,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore my most-lou'd mistresse do not bid
Your boy so seruiceable to get hence,
For then you breake his heart.

Dor. Bee nye me ſtill then,
In golden letters downe ile ſet that day
Which gaue thee to me, little did I hope
To meete ſuch worlds of comfort in thy ſelfe,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the temple, heard my begger-boy,
My ſweete fac'd godly begger-boy, craue an almes,
Which with glad hand I gaue, with lucky hand,
And when I tooke thee home, my moſt chaſt boſome
Me thought was fil'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher
On wings of Cherubines then did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modeſt eye,
So likes ſo poore a ſeruant.
Dor. I haue offerd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leaue Kingdomes, were I Queene of ſome,
To dwell with thy good father, for the ſonne
Betwitching me ſo deepely with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt doo't ten times more,
I pray thee, my ſweete boy, ſhew me thy parents,
Be not aſham'd.
Ang. I am not, I did neuer
Know who any mother was, but by yon Pallace
Fill'd with bright heauenly Courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawne theſe eyes vpon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heauen, and pretty Miſtreſſe,
If your illuſtrious houre Glaſſe ſpend his ſand
No worſe then yet it does, vpon my life
You and I both ſhall meete my father there,
And he ſhall bid you welcome.
Dor. A bleſſed day,
We all long to be there, but loſe the way. *exeunt.*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theo. Sunne-god of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*
Mac. And

Mac. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theo. Gladst thou in such scorne,
I call my wish backe.

Mac. I'm in hast.

Theo. One word,
Take the least hand of time vp: stay.

Mac. Be briefe.

Theo. As thoughts I prithee tell me good *Macrinus*
How health and our faire Princesse lay together
This night, for you can tell, Courtiers have flyes
That buzze all newes vnto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courtesie, how does *Antoninus?*

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more,
Thy head is full of Winde-mils: when does the Princesse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night.

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No, thou art the Manuscripe
Where *Antoninus* writes downe all his secrets,
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well Sir.

Har. Honestly is some Fiend, and frights him hence,
A many Courtiers loue it me.

Theo. What peece
Of this State-wheele (which winds vp *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runnes so iarringly? the
Man is from himselfe deuided: Oh thou the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me my *Harpax,*
What gad-flye tickles so this *Macrinus,*
That vp-fling ing thy tayle, he broke cheat from me,

Har. Oh Sir, his braine-penne is a bed of Snakes,
Whose stings shoots through his eye-balls, whose poysonous spawne
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,
That vnlesse charmes more strong then Adamant
Bee vs'd, the Romane Angels wings shall melt,

And

And *Cæsars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feete, the Lawrell which he weares
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Espine*, being made ready
To so much mischiefe, keepe a steady motion,
His eyes and feete you see giue strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turnd a marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading, what (ith name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching.

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, vpon which loue errands runne
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinkes vp her ruby colour, yet *Antonius*
Playes the Endymion to this pale fac'd Moone,
Courts her, seekes to catch her eyes.

Theo. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping Billowes
Not got to shore yet, but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with loue,
(Your coldest women do so) had you yack
Brew'd from the infernall Stix, and not all that blacknesse
Can make a thing so foule, as the Dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffettings, and most base affronts
Vpon the bright *Artemia*, Starre of Court,
Great *Cæsars* Daughter.

Theo. I now consider thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of Clouds being fild
With *Ioues* Artillery, shot downe at once
To push your Gods in peeces, cannot giue
With all those Thunderbots so deepe a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antonius* soule,
Making it foule like hers: Oh the example——

Hates

Theo. Eates through *Caligeas* heart, like liquid poison
Haue I inuented tortures to teare Christians,
To see but which, could all that feeles Hels torments
Haue leaue to stand aloofe heere on earths stage,
They would be mad till they againe descended,
Holding the paines most horrid, of such soules,
May-games to those of mine, has this my hand
Set downe a Christians execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foote dead hearing but their figures,
And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*
Strangle me in a dance.

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick braines in this rich plot
Of tortures gainst these Christians: on, I hug thee.

Theo. Both hug and holy me, to this *Dorothea*
Flye thou and I in thunder.

Har. Not for Kingdomes
Pil'd vpon Kingdomes, theres a villaine Page
Waites on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold trafficke with, I do so hate his sight,
That should I looke on him I must sinke downe.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
None but this hand with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine owne as I would with thee. *exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which euer waites vpon my businesse,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent seruants
That they performe my will in what's enioyn'd them
To'th good of others, else will you find them lyes
Not lying still, yet in them no good lyes:
Be carefull deare Boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse.

Dor. Now Sir, you may goe on.

Mac. I then must study,

A new Arithmatike, to summe vp the vertues
Which *Antonius* gracefully become,
There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,
So much of honour, and of all things else
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others, yet much taken from him,
The want shall be as little as when Seas
Lend from their bounty to fill vp the poorenesse
Of needy Riuers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted, to you for praise, then you to him that owes it.

Ma. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the whitenes
Of your chast hand alone, should be ambitious,
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing: could you see maine Armies
Make battailes in the quarrell of his vallour,
That tis best, the truest, this were nothing,
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voyce
And arme, owing *Cesarea*, he neuer boasts of
The Sun-beames, which the Emperor throwes vpon him,
Shine there but as in wher, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride, no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd vp together in one scale,
Cannot weigh downe the loue he beares to you
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speake thus for your friend, you Sir are worthy
Of more then I will number, and this your language
Hath power to win you another woman,
Top of whose heart, the fearbets of this World
Are gaily stuck, but all which first you named,
And now this last, his loue to me are nothing,

Mac. You make me a sad Messenger, *enter Antonius.*
But himselfe
Being come in person, shall I hope heare from you
Musicke more pleasing.

Ant. Has your eare *Macrinus*
Heard none then?

Mac. None

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feete?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray Sir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetenesse, you now have it, and shall goe,
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as Farewell,
To let me murmure to your Virgin eare,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue
But this mine owne.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Flye out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true love dares not doe it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to Antoninus, & Governor of Cesaria, with him Artemia the Princesse, Theophilus, Spungius and Hircius.

Spun. See you, doe you see, our worke is done, the fish you angle for is nibling at the hooke, and therefore untrusse the Codpeece point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heeles.

Theo. The gold you earne is heere, dam vp your mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselues dayly, and are knighted out for siluer, why may not we then betray a scuruy mistresse for gold.

Spun. She sau'd vs from the Gallowes, and only to keepe one Prouerbe from breaking his necke, weele hang her.

Theo. Tis well done, go, go, yeare my fine white boyes.

Spun. If your red boyes, tis well knowne, more ilfa-

uour'd faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Thoſe fellowes trouble vs.

Theo. Away, away.

Hir. I to my ſweete placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot. *exeunt.*

Ant. Come, let me tune you, glaze not thus your eyes
With ſelfe-loue of a vowed Virginity,
Make euery man your glaſſe, you ſee our Sex
Doe neuer murder propagation,
We all deſire your ſweete ſociety,
And if you barre me from it, you doe kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O baſe Villaine.

Sap. Bridle your rage ſweete Princeſſe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes
(Rear'd higher farre then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinkes my deare affection makes you mitie.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of gold,
He that I loue is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower then any ſlaue
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So inſolent, baſe Chriſtian.

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him
Get you but be his ſeruant, you ſhall boaſt
y'are equall to a King.

Sap. Confuſion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorcereſſe.

Ant. Your mottes are great ones, none beneath the Sun
Will I be ſeruant too: on my knees I beg it,
Pitty me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curſe thy baſeneſſe.

Theo. Liſten to more.

Dor. Oh kneele not Sir to me.

Ant. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled heart,
That heart which tortur'd in your diſdaine,
Iuſtly for ſcorning others, euen this heart,
To which for pitty ſuch a Princeſſe ſues,
As in her hand offers me all the World,

Great

Great *Cæsars* daughter.
Artem. Slaue thou lyeſt.
Anton. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theoph. A Very dogge.
Anton. Perhaps
Tis my religion makes you knit the brow,
Yet be you mine, and euer be your owne,
I here will ſcrew your conſcience from that power
On which you Chriſtians leane.
Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee villaine; ſirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had ſtrucke thee in the wombe.
Mac. We are betrayde.
Arte. Is that your Idoll, traitor, which thou kneelſt to,
Trampling vpon my beauty?
Theoph. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in peeces teare, our *Iupiter*,
For her? our *Mars*, for her? our *Sol*, for her?
A whore, a hel-hound, in this globe of braines
Where a whole world of tortures for ſuch furies
Haue fought (as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe nailes ſhall grubbing lye, from ſcull to ſcull,
To finde one horrider, then all, for you,
You three.
Artem. Threaten not, but ſtrike, quicke vengeance flies
Into thy boſome, caitife: here all loues dies. *exeunt.*
An. O I am thunder-ſtrucke!
Wee are both ore whelm'd.
Mac. With one high raging billow.
Dora. You a ſouldier,
And ſinke beneath the violence of a woman?
An. A woman (a wronged Princeſſe) from ſuch a ſtarre
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for
But tragicall euents? my life is now
The ſubiect of her tyranny.

Dore. That feare, is baſe,
Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace
Out of her houſe of earth; you onely dread
The ſtroke, and not what followes when you are dead,
There's the great feare indeed: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine doe, youle ſcorne their tyrannies.

Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus *a guard*, Angelo *comes and is cloſe by* Dorothea.

Artem. My fathers nerues put vigour in mine arme,
And I his ſtrength muſt vſe; becauſe I once
Shed beames of fauour on thee, and with the Lyon
Playd with thee gently when thou ſtrokſt my heart,
Ile not inſult on a baſe humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors, but with one frowne
Kill thee: hence with them to execution.
Seize him, but let euen death it ſelfe be weary
In torturing her: Ile change thoſe ſmiles to ſhreeks,
Giue the foole what ſhe is proud of (martyrdome)
In peeces racke that Bawd to:

Sap. Albeit the reuerence
I owe our gods and you, are in my boſome
Torrents ſo ſtrong, that pitty quite lies drownd
From ſauing this yong man, yet when I ſee
What face death giues him, and that a thing within me,
Sayes 'tis my ſonne, I am forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir you diſhonour me,
To ſue for that which I diſclayme to haue,
I ſhall more glory in my ſufferings gaine,
Then you in giuing iudgement, ſince I offer
My blood vp to your anger: nor do I kneele
To keepe a wretched life of mine from ruine:
Preſerue this temple (builded faire as yours is)
And *Caſar* neuer went in greater triumph
Then I ſhall to the ſcaffold.

Artem

Artem. Are you ſo braue Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let thoſe two
Go curſing along with him.
Dero. No, but pittying,
(For my part, I) that you looſe ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my ſinnes, I haue euen
Lobord to breake, and cope with death to th'face;
The viſage of a hangman frights not me,
The ſight of whips, rackes, gibbets, axes, fires
Are ſcaffoldings, by which my ſoule climbes vp
To an Eternall habitation.
Theo. *Ceſars* imperiall daughter, heare me ſpeake,
Let not this Chriſtian *Thing*, in this her pageantry
Of prowd deriding, both our gods and *Ceſar*,
Build to her ſelfe a kingdome in her death
Going laughing from vs. No, her bittereſt torment
Shall be to feele her conſtancy beaten downe,
The bravery of her reſolution lie
Battered by the argument, into ſuch peeces,
That ſhe agen ſhall (on her belly) creepe
To kiſſe the pauements of our Panim gods.
Art. How to be done.
Theo. Ile ſend my daughters to her,
And they ſhall turne her rocky faith to waxe,
Elſe ſpit at me, let me be made your ſlaue,
And meete no *Romans* but a villains graue.
Art. Thy priſoner let her be then and *Supritius*
Your ſonne, and that be your vnderſheriffe,
To him that ſuffers them by voyce or letters
To greet each other. Riſle her eſtate,
Chriſtians to beggery brought grow deſperate.
Dor. Still on the bread of pouerty let me feed. *exeunt.*
Ang. O my admired miſtreſſe, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre downe vpon you: claſpe thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou ſhalt ſee, after theſe warres
Thy head weare Sun-beames, and thy feet touch ſtarres.

Enter

Enter Hircius *and* Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo* how ill?how ill?what tired spins That whore *Fortune* vpon her wheele now.

Spun. Comesta, comesta poore knaue.

Hir. Com aperte vos, com aperte vos, my petite garsoone

Spun. Me partha wee Comrade, my halfe inch of mans Flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ange. Too well on your sides, you are hid in gold Ore head and eares.

Hir. We thanke our fates, the signe of the gingle-boyes hangs at the doores of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud thinke that we comming forth of the arse, as it were, or fag end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little siluer is stirring.

Hir. Nay who can say any citizen is an Asse, for lading his owne backe, with money, till his soule crackes agen, onely to leaue his sonne like a gilded coxecombe behinde him? will not any foole take me for a wiseman now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury, this little god with his belly full of gold.

Spun. And this full of the same meate out of my ambrey

Ang. That gold will melt to poyson.

Spun. Poyson, wud it wud, whole pintes for healths shall downe my throate.

Hir. Gold poyson! there's neuer a she-thresher in *Caesars* that liues on the flaile of money will call it so.

Ang. Like slaues you sold your soules for golden drosse, Bewitching her to death, who stept betweene You, and the gallowes.

Spun. Twas an easie matter to saue vs, she being so well backt.

Hir. The gallowes and we fell out, so she did but part vs

Ang. The misery of that misdeede is mine owne, She beggerd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Nose drop in sorrow with wet eyes for her.

Spun.

Spun. The petticote of her eſtate is vnlac'd I confeſſe.

Hir. Yes,& the ſmocke of her charity is now all to peeces

An. For loue you beare to her, for ſome good turnes
Done you by me, giue me one peece of ſilver.

Hir. How la peece of ſilver! if thou were an Angell of gold I would not put thee into white money, vnleſſe I weigh'd thee, and I weigh thee not a ruſh.

Spun. A peece of ſilver! I neuer had but two calues in my life, and thoſe my mother left me; Ile rather part from the fat of them, then from a muſtard-ſeeds worth of Argent.

Hir. And ſo ſweet Nit we crawle from thee.

Spun. *Adieu*, demi-dandiprat, *adieu*

An. Stay one word yet, you now are full of gold.

Hir. Ide be ſorry my dog were ſo full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y'are beggers both, you are not worth
That leather on your feete. *Hir.* Away, away boy.

Spun. Page you do nothing but ſet patches on the ſoles of your ieſts.

Ang. I am glad I tryde your loue, which ſee I want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And ſo long as this.—ſo long as this.

Hir. *Spungius* y'are a picke-pocket.

Spun. *Hircus* thou haſt nimb'd—ſo long as, not ſo much money is left as will buy a louſe.

Hir. Th'art a thiefe, and thou lyeſt in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou denyeſt it.

Spun. Thou lyeſt deeper then the bottome of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontſt it.

Ang. No blowes, no bitter language, all your gold gone.

Spun. Can the diuell creepe into ones breeches?

Hir Yes, if his hornes once get into the codpeece,

Ang. Come, ſigh not, I ſo little am in loue
With that whoſe loſſe kils you, that ſee tis yours,
All yours, deuide the heape in equall ſhare,
So you will goe along with me to priſon,
And in our miſtreſſe ſorrowes beare a part:
Say, will you? *Both.* Will we?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, my gallowes should part vs.

Hir. Lets both be torn'd into a rope of Onyons if we do

Ang. follow me then, repaire your bad deeds past,
Happy are men when their best dayes are last.

Spun. True maister *Angelo*, pray lead the way. *exit An*

Hir. Let him leade that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I like ine Layle.

Hir. Away and bilt for our selues, wee'le do wel enough there, for prisoners are euer hungry after mutton, then Catchpoles after pursuers.

Spun. Let her starue then if a whole Layle will not fill her belly. *exeunt*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus 3. Scenus 1.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Calist, Christeta.

Sapritius. SIcke to the death I feare.

Theophilus. I meete your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a Witch,
A sorceresse *Theophilus*, my sonne
Is charm'd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of waxe, her beames of beauty
Melt him to nothing, all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honnours finde their graue
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lou'd her, that the earth had opend
And swallowd both aliue.

Theo. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any, though the Princesse were appeald,
All title in her loue surrenderd vp,
Yet this coy Christian, is so transported
With her religion, that vnlesse my sonne
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion

And

And be of her beleefe, sheele not vouchsafe
To be his lawfull wife.
Priest. but once remou'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd,
The reason of these holy mayden will win her,
Youle finde her tractable, to any thing
For your content or his.
Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian dampes breeding infectious ayres,
The Mandrakes shrieke, or Fullike killing eyes,
The dreadfull lightning that doth crush the bones
And never singe the skin, shall not appeare
Lesse fatall to her, then my zeale made hot
With loue vnto my goddesse name defamde:
In hope to draw backe this Apostate,
Which will be greater honour then to send
Vnto her fathers faith, and to that end
Haue brought my daughters hither.
Calist. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
Sap. Let her be fast for,
Prosper in your good worke, and were I not
To attend the Princesse, I would see and heare
How you succeede.
Theo. I am commanded to,
Ile beare you company.
Sap. Giue them your Ring
To leade her as in triumph if they win her
Before her highnesse. *exit Sap.*
Theo. Spare no promises,
Perswasions, or threats I do coniure you,
If you preuayle, 'tis the most glorious worke
You euer vndertooke.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Priest. She comes.
Theoph. We leaue you,
Be constant and be carefull. *exeunt Theo. Priest.*

Calipte. We are sorry
To meete you vnder guard.
Dorothea. But I more greeu'd
You are at libertie, so well I loue you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine
You were my fellow prisoner: prethee *Angelo*
Reach vs some chaires, please you sit?
Calipte. We thanke you,
Our visite is for loue, loue to your safetie.
Christ. Our conference must be priuate, pray you therfore
Command your boy to leaue vs.
Dorothea. You may trust him
With any secret that concernes my life;
Falshood and he are strangers, had you Ladies
Bene blest with such a seruant, you had neuer
Forsooke that way (your iourney euen halfe ended)
That leade to ioyes eternall: in the place
Of loose lasciuious mirth, he would haue stird you
To holy meditations, and so farre
He is from flattery, that he would haue told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that for an howre
Of pleasure here, haue made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.
He must not leaue me, without him I fall,
In this life he is my seruant, in the other
A wished companion
An. Tis not in the diuell,
Nor all his wicked arts to shake such goodnesse.
Dor. But you were speaking Ladie,
Calipte. As a friend
And louer of your safety, and I pray you
So to receiue it; and if you remember
How neere in loue our parents were, that we
Euen from the cradle were brought vp together.
Our amitie encreasing with our yeeres,
We cannot stand suspected.
Dor. To the purpose.

Calipte.

Cal. We come then as good Angels *Dorothea*,
To make you happy, and the meanes so easie,
That be not you an enemy to your selfe,
Already you enioy it.

Christeta. Looke on vs.
Ruin'd as you are once, and brought vnto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd Lady,
Leauing those blessings which our gods giues freely,
And showr'd vpon vs with a prodigall hand,
As to be noble borne, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free vse of these without controule,
Checke, curbe, or stop, (such is our Lawes indulgence)
All happinesse forsooke vs, bonds and fetters
For amorous Twins, the Racke and Hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our Parents curses
Instead of blessings, scorne, neglect, contempt
Fell thick vpon vs.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreate, and reconcil'd
To our forsaken gods, we live againe
In all prosperity.

Calliste. By our example
Bequeathing misery to such as loue it,
Learne to be happy, the Christian yoke too heauy
For such a dainty necke, it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar
More precious then Christall to support
Our *Cupids* Image, our Religion Lady
Is but a varied pleasure, your a stoyle
Slaues would shrinke vnder.

Doro. Haue you not clouen feete! are you not diuels!
Dare any say so much, or dare I heare it
Without a vertuous and religious anger
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,
Then in a bad cause to be impudent.

Your Gods, your temples, brothell houses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men
Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious rites,
O call them rather iugling mysteries,
The baytes and nets of hell, your soules the prey
For which the Diuell angles, your false pleasures
A steepe descent by which you headlong fall
Into eternall torments.

Cal. Doe not tempt
Our powerfull gods.

Dor. Which of your powerfull gods,
Your gold, your siluer, brasse, or wooden ones?
That can, nor do me hurt, nor profit you,
Most pitied woman, will you sacrifice
To such, or call them gods or goddesses,
Your Parents would disdaine to beare the name,
Or you, your selues? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Calista* by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more deare, would you
To haue him deifide so posterity,
Desire your father an Adulterer,
A Rauisher, almost a Paracide,
A vile incestuous wretch?

Cal. That pitty
And duty saues for me.

Dor. Or you *Christa*,
To be hereafter registred a goddesse,
Giue your chast body vp to the embraces
Of Goatish lust, haue it writ on your forehead,
This is the common Whoore, the prostitute,
The Mistresse in the art of wantonnesse,
Knowes euery tricke and lure of such of desires
That are immodest.

Crist. You iudge better of me,
Or my affection is ill plac'd in you,
Shall I turne Sacrimpost?

Dor. No, I thinke you would not,
Yet *Venus* whom you worship me a whore,

Flora the Foundreſſe of the publike Stewes,
And has for that her ſacrifice your great god,
Your *Iupiter*, a looſe adulterer,
Inceſtuous with his ſiſter, reade but thoſe
That haue canoniz'd them, youle find them worſe
Then in chaſt language I can ſpeake them to you,
Are they immortall then that did partake
Of humane weakeneſſe, and had ample ſhare
In mens moſt baſe affections? ſubiect to
Vnchaſt loues, anger, bondage, woundes as men are.
Her *Iupiter* to ſerue his luſt turn'd Bull.
The ſhip indeede in which he ſtole *Europa*.
Neptune for guine builds vp the walls of *Troy*
As a day-labourer, *Apollo* keepes
Admetus ſheepe for bread, the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge, for hire, *Lycaethus* heere
With his ſtill growing Liuer feedes the Vultures,
Saturne bound faſt in hell with adamant chaines,
And thouſands more, on whom abuſed error
Beſtowes a deity, will you then deare Siſters,
For I would haue you ſtedfaſt in your Deuotions
To things of leſſe power then your ſelues?

Cal. We worſhip

Their good deedes in their Images.

Dor. *By* whom faſhion'd,
By ſinfull men? Ile tell you a ſhort tale,
Nor can you but confeſſe it was a true one.
A King of Ægypt being to erect
The Image of *Oſiris*, whom they honour,
Tooke from the Matrons necks the richeſt Iewels
And pureſt gold, as the materialls
To finiſh vp his worke, which perfected,
With all ſolemnity he ſet it vp
To be ador'd, and ſerv'd himſelfe his Idoll,
Deſiring it to giue him victory
Againſt his enemies, but being ouerthrowne,
Enrag'd againſt his god (theſe are fine gods
Subiect to humane fury) he tooke downe

The

The ſenceleſſe thing, and melting it againe,
He made a Baſing, in which Eunuches waſh'd
His Concubines feete, and for this ſordid vſe
Some moneths it ſeru'd: his miſtreſſe prouing falſe,
As moſt indeede do ſo, and grace concluded,
Betweene him and the Prieſts, of the ſame Baſing
He made his god againe, thinke, thinke of this,
And then conſider, if all worldly honors
Or pleaſures that do leaue ſharpe ſtings behind them,
Haue power to win ſuch as haue reaſonable ſoules,
To put their truſt in droſſe.

Cal. Oh that I had beene borne
Without a father.

Chri. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd vs for euer.

Dor. Thinke not ſo,
You may repaire all yet, the Attributes
That ſpeakes his Godhead moſt, is mercifull,
Reuenge is proper to the Fiends you worſhip,
Yet cannot ſtrike without his leaue, you weepe,
Oh tis a heauenly ſhowre, celeſtiall balme
To cure your wounded conſcience, let it fall,
Fall thick vpon it, and when that is ſpent,
Ile helpe it with another of my teares,
And may your true repentance proue the child
Of my true ſorrow, neuer mother had
A birth ſo happy.

Cal. We are caught our ſelues
That came to take you, and aſſur'd of conqueſt
We are your Captiues.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had beene eternall loſſe,
And this your loſſe immortall gaine, ſixe heere,
And you ſhall feele your ſelues inwardly arm'd
Gainſt tortures, death, and hell, but take heede ſiſters,
That or through weakeneſſe, threats, or mild perſwaſions
Though of a father, you fall not into
A ſecond and a worſe Apoſtacie.

Cal. No-

Cal. Neuer, oh neuer, heed'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.

Chri. Heer's our warrant,
You shall along and witnesse it,

Dor. Be confirm'd then
And rest assur'd, this makes your fame heere,
The more your glory, you to heauen more deere, *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Art. *Sapritius* though your sonne deserue no pitty,
We grieue his sicknesse, his contempt of vs
We cast behinde vs, and looke backe vpon
His seruice done to Cæsar, that weighs downe
Our iust displeasure, if his malady
Haue growth from his restraint, or that you thinke
His liberty can cure him, let him haue it,
Say we forgiue him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds vs
Euer your humblest Vassals.

Art. We all enemies
For his recouery, though yet I loue him,
I will not force affection, if the Christian
Whose beauty hath out-riuald mine, be wonne
To be of our beliefe, let him enioy her,
That all may know when the cause wills, I can
Command my owne desires,

Theo. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident
Such eloquence and sweete perswasion dwells
Vpon my Daughters tongues, that they will worke her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet tis no easie taske to vndertake,
To alter a peruerse and obstinate woman.

Art. What meanes this shout,

Sap. 'Tis seconded with Musicke, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant musicke, ha.

Semp. My Lord your Daughters

A shout within, loud Musicke.

The pillars of our faith hauing conuerted,
For so report giues out, the Christian Lady,
The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them
Sue for accesse.

Theo. My soule diuin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light,
Their Mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With so much ioy, as they in this good worke
Haue throwne vpon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Iupiter, Incense and Censers, followed by Calista, and Christeta, leading Dorothea,

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body and my mind,
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort,
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you neuer had falne off, I am rauish't
With the excesse of ioy, speake happy daughters
The blest euent.

Cal. We neuer gain'd so much
By any vndertaking.

Theo. Oh my deare Girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was euer time
On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*,
Madame if euer you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Most willingly:
Doe you refuse it?
Let vs first deserue it:

Theo. My owne child still, heere set our god, prepare
The Incense quickly, come faire *Dorothea*,
I will my selfe support you, now kneele downe

And

And pay your vowes to *Iupiter*,
Dor. I shall doe it
Better by their example.
Tho. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice,
Forward my Twinnes of constancy, and to teach her
Make a ioynt offring.
Chri. Thus. *Cal.* And thus. *They both spit at the Image, throw it downe, and spurne it.*
Har. Profane
And impious, stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the Gods? where is
Your holy zeale, your anger?
Tho. I am blasted,
And as my feete were rooted here, I finde
I haue no motion, I would I had no sight too,
Or if my eyes can serue to any vse,
Giue me thou iniur'd power a sea of teares,
To expiate this madnesse in my Daughters:
For being themselues, they would haue trembled at
So blasphemous a deede in any other,
For my sake hold awhile thy dreadfull thunder,
And giue me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.
Dor. Twas bravely done. (you
Tho. Peace damn'd Enchantres peace, I should looke on
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand
That shakes with rage should much outstrip my tongue,
And seale my vengeance on your hearts, but nature
To you that haue falne once, bids me againe
To be a father, O how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Ioue*?
Dor. Alacke poore Ioue,
He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Heele take a kick, or any thing.
Say. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the ancientst godling, do not feare him,
He would not hurt the theefe that stole away
Two of his golden locks, indeede he could not,

And ſtill tis the ſame quiet thing.

Theo. Blaſphemer,
Ingenious cruelty ſhall puniſh this,
Thou art paſt hope, but for you yet deare daughters,
Againe bewitcht, the dew of mild forgiuenesſe
May gently fall, prouided you deſerue it,
With true contrition, be your ſelues againe,
Sue to the offended diety.

Chr. Not to be,
The Miſtreſſe of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A graine of Incenſe to it, much leſſe kneele,
Not looke on it but with contempt and ſcorne,
To haue a thouſand yeeres confer'd vpon me
Of worldly bleſſings, we profeſſe our ſelues
To be like *Dorothea*, Chriſtians,
And owe her for that happineſſe.

The. My eares,
Receiue in hearing this, all deadly charmes
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are theſe they
You brag'd could conuert others?

Sap. That want ſtrength
To ſtand themſelues?

Har. Your Honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cauſe depends vpon it,
Something you muſt doe ſuddenly,

The. And I will.

Har. They merit deaths, but falling by your hand,
It will be recorded for a juſt reuenge
And holy fury in you.

The. Doe not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already,
Ætna is in my breſt, wildfire burnes heere,
Which onely bloud muſt quench: incenſed powers
Which from my infancy I haue ador'd,
Looke downe with fauourable beames vpon
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Prieſt)

Which

Which I will offer to thee, and be pleasde
(My fierie zeale inciting me to act it)
To call that iustice, others may stile murther.
Come you accursd, thus by the haire I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus looke on you
Lesse pitifull then Tigres to their prey.
And thus with mine owne hand I take that life
Which I gaue to you. *kils them.*

Dore. O most cruell Butcher.

Theo. My anger ends not here, hels dreadfull porter
Receiue into thy euer open gates
Their damned soules, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wasted, and when death
Closes these eyes, twill be *Elisium* to me,
To heare their shrieks and howlings, make me *Pluto*
Thy instrument to furnish thee with soules
Of this accursed sect, nor let me fall
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all. *exit with Harpax hugging him.*

Enter Artemia laughing.

Arte. 'Tis braue sealt.

Dore. O call him backe againe,
Call backe your hangman, here's on prisoner left
To be the subiect of his knife.

Arte. Not so.
We are not so neere reconcilde vnto thee,
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way.
Be sure your charge *Sapritius* now, and suffer
None to come neere her till we haue found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistresse,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *exeunt.*

Enter Spungius and Hircius ranged at seuerall doores.

Hir. Spungius.

Spun. My fine rogue, how ist? how goes this totterd world

Hir. Haſt any money?

Spun. Money! no, the Tauerne-Iuy clings about my mony and kils it. Haſt thou any mony?

Hir. No, my mony is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opend, away it runs.

Spun. I ſee then a Tauerne and a Bawdy-houſe haue faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within doores; the Tauerne hath euermore a buſh, the bawdy cloſe ſometimes neither hedge nor buſh. From a Tauerne a man comes reeling, from a bawdy houſe not able to ſtand. In the Tauerne you are couſend with paltry Wine, in a bawdy-houſe by a painted Whore, Money may haue Wine, and a Whore will haue Mony, but neither can you cry, Drawer you Rogue, or keepe doore rotten Bawde, without a ſiluer Whiſtle, wee are iuſtly plagued therefore for running from our Miſtreſſe.

Hir. Thou didſt, I did not, yet I had run to, but that one gaue me turpentine pilles, & that ſtayde my running.

Spun. Well: the thred of my life is drawne through the needle of neceſſity, whoſe eye looking vpon my lowſie breeches, cryes out it cannot mend 'em; which ſo prickes the linings of my body, and thoſe are Heart, Lights, Lunge, Guts, and Midriffe, that I beg on my knees to haue *Atropos* (the Tailer to the deſtinies) to take her ſheares and cut my thred in two, or to heate the Iron gooſe of Mortalitie, and ſo preſſe me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was ſome botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off theſe ſhreds of complaints, to patch vp the elbowes of thy nittie eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler, a Cobler whoſe zeale ſet many a woman vpright, the remembrance of whoſe Awle I now hauing nothing, thruſts ſuch ſcuruy ſtitches into my ſoule, that the heele of my happines has gone awry.

Spun. Pitty that ere thou trodſt thy ſhooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot laſt, for all ſowterly waxe of comfort melting away, and miſery taking the length of my foote, it

booteth not me to sue for life when all my hopes are seame-rent, and go wet shod.

Spun. This sheweth art a Coblers son by going through stitch: O *Hircius* wud thou & I were so happy to be coblers

Hir. So would I, for both of vs being now wearie of our liues, should then be sure of shoomakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my ende for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famished.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a cooke being a constable can appease them, presenting to my nose, in stead of his painted staffe, a spit full of rost-meate.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what vproares do they make, my belly cries to my mouth, why dost not gape & feed me

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throate to my hand why dost not thou lift vp meate and cramme my choppes with it.

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they looke not out and sharke for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of teares, crie alowd, and curse my feet for not ambling vp and downe to feede Colon, sithence if good meate be in any place, tis knowne my feet can smell.

Spu. But then my feet like lasie rogues lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro, to purchase any thing

Hir. Why mong so many millions of people, should thou and I onely bee miserable totterdemalions, ragamuffins, and lowsie desperates.

Spun. Thou art a meere *I am-no*, *I am-nas*, consider the whole world, and tis as we are.

Hir. Lowsie, beggerly, thou whorson *Assa Fetida.*

Spun. Worse, al tottrings, al out of frame, thou *Foolianini*

Hir. As how *arsnicke* come make the world smart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggry rides coroched, honest men make feastes, knaues sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velues, souldiers (as wee,) in ragges; Beautie turnes whore,

Whore; Whore Bawd, and both dye of the poxe: why then when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walke vpright?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, looke who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*! how does my little nam? welcome.

Ang. Yes, and would you did so, where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! you see euery woman almost goe in her loose gowne, and why should not wee haue our clothes loose?

Spun. Wud they were loose.

Ang. Why where are they?

Spun. Where many a velust cloke I warrant at this houre keepes them company, they are pawnd to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a Scriueners hands, and he has coosend vs.

Spun. And therefore I prethee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to deuotion.

Ang. Are you made all of lyes? I know which way
Your gilt-wing'd peeces flew: I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your ryots,
Tame your wilde flesh by labor, eate the bread
Got with hard hands: let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart,
When I reade this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then my pitty dies. *exit.*

Spun. Isit not a shame that this scuruy *Puritan* should giue vs lessons?

Hir. I haue dwelt thou knowst a long time in the Suburbs of the conscience, and they are euer bawdy, but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter Harpax *aloofe.*

Spun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of Beggery, the sound of Score a pottle of sack, is worse then the noyse of a scolding oyster wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be, I doe not like when conscience

Thawes

Thawes, keepe her frozen still: how now my masters?
Dejected, drooping, drownd in teares, clothes torne,
Leane, and ill colour'd, sighing? whats the whirlewinde
Which raiseth all these mischiefes? I haue seene you
Drawne better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selues into the seruice of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die; where's now her praying
What good get you by wearing your our feete,
To run on scurny errands to the poore,
And to beare money to a sort of rogues,
And lowlie prisoners.

Hir. A pox on 'em, I neuer prosperd since I did it.

Spun. Had I bin a Pagan still, I could not haue spit white for want of drinke, but come to any Vintner now and bid him trust me, because I turnd Christian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are righly serv'd, before that peeuish Lady
Had to doe with you, weomen, wine, and money
Flow'd in aboundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, teare not your haire in madnes
Those dayes shall come agen be rulde by me,
And better (marke me) better.

Spun. I haue seen you sir as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his seruant, but harke hither.
Take heed no body listens. *Spun.* Not a Mouse stirres.

Har. I am a Prince disguisde.

Hir. Disguisde how drunke,

Har. Yes my fine boye, Ile drinke to, and be drunke,
I am a Prince, and any man by me
(Let him but keepe my rules) shall soone grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich,
He that shall serue me, is not staru'd from pleasures
As other poore knaues are; no, take their fill,

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged—

Har. Youle say, you'd serue me.

Hir. Before any master vnder the Zodiake.

Harp. For clothes no matter, I haue a mind to both,
And one thing I like in you now that you see
The bonefire of your Ladyes state burne out,
You giue it ouer, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hangd. *Spun.* And pond.

Harp. Why now y'are mine,
Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We haue bugges Sir.

Harp. Ther's mony, fetch your clothe home, theres for you

Hir. Auoid Vermine; giue ouer our mistresse I a man cannot prosper worse if he serue the diuell.

Har. How? the diuell? Ile tell you what now of the diuell, He's no such horrid creature, clouen footed,
Blacke, saucer-eyde, his nostrills breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No! *Har.* He's more louing
To man, then man to man is.

Hir. Is hee so? wud wee two might come acquainted with him.

Har. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loues a cup of wine, a whore, any thing, you haue mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to some Tauerne to you or elsewhere.

Spun. Ile bespeake the best roome i'th' house for him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Weele giue him no such cause.

Har. He hates a ciuill Lawyer, as a Souldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?

Har. Loues him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the diuell eate any Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feature likes him, and then hee has the knuckles of a Bailiffe boyled to his breakefast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loues a Catchpole does he not?

Har. As a Bearward does a dog, a Catchpole the kin sworn if euer he dies, to make a Seriuent his haire, and a Yeoman his ouerseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the Porter let him come in sir?

Har. Oh, hee loues Porters of great mens gates, because they are ever soneere the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheekes, leade hellish liues vnder him.

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damn'd before he hurts any man. Doe but you (when y'are throughly acquainted with him) aske for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing?

Har. Call for a delicate fine whore, she's brought you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches: will the diuel keepe the doore?

Har. Be drunke as a begger, he helps you home.

Spun. O the fine time! some watchman I warrant, I wonder who's his constable.

Har. Will you sweare, roare, swagger? he claps you.

Hir. How? ath' chops.

Har. No, ath' shoulder, and cries O my braue boy. Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Whose his word, hang, hang is nothing. Or stab a woman.

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he giues you, a pox on't goe on.

Hir. O inueagling strall! I am rauisht.

Har. Go, get your cloathes, turne vp your glasse of youth; And let the sands run merily, not do I care From what a lauish hand your money flies, So you giue none away to beggers.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poore.

Hir. Ile sit and hang first.

Har. One seruice you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your Mistresse *Dorothea*, ere she suffers Is to be put to tortures, hould you hearts To teare her into shreeches, so fetch her soule

Vp in the Range of death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppose this shee, and that I had no hands, heere's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this shee, and that I had no teeth, heere's my nailes.

Hir. But will not you be there sir,

Har. No, not for hils of diamonds, the grand Master! Who schooles her in the Christian discipline, Abhorres my company; should I be there, You'd thinke all hell broke loose, we fall so quarrell; Plie you this businesse, she, her flesh who spares Is lost, and in my love neuer more shares.

Spun. Here's a Master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but haue a horrible number of seruants.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sicke, with Physitions about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.

Sap. O You that are halfe gods, lengthen that life
Their dieties lend vs, turne ore all the volumes
Of your mysterious Arts, finde out the reasons
T'encrease the number of this young mans dayes,
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a peece of Romane gold
With *Cæsars* stampe, such as he leads his Captaines
When in the warres they earne well: do but saue him,
And as he is halfe my soule, be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promise: phisicke hand
As apt is to destroy, as to preserue,
If heauen make not the medicine, all this while
Our skill hath combated with his disease,
But tis so armd, and so deepe melancholy
To be such in part with death, we are in feare

The graue muſt mocke our labours.

Mac. I haue beene
His keeper in this ſickneſſe, with ſuch eyes
As I haue ſeene my mother watch ore me,
And from that obſeruation ſure I finde,
It is a Midwife muſt deliuer him.

Sap. Is he with child, a Midwife?

Mac. Yes, With child;
And will I feare loſe life if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: ſtand by his Pillow
Some little while, and in his broken ſlumbers
Him ſhall you heare cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his armes flye open to catch her,
Cloſing together, he falls faſt aſleepe,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy formes;
Phyſicians but torment him, his diſeaſe
Laughs at their gibriſh language, let him heare
The voyce of *Dorothea*, nay but the name,
He ſtarts vp with high colour in his face,
Shee or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princeſſe ſtrict command, barring that happines)
To me impoſſible ſeemes.

Sap. To me it ſhall not.
Ile be no ſubiect to the greateſt *Ceſar*
Was euer crown'd with Lawrell, rather then ceaſe
To be a father.

Mac. Silence ſir, he wakes.

Ant. Thou kilſt me *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Mac. Shees heere, I enioy her.

Ant. Where, Why doe you mocke me,
Age on my head hath ſtuck no white haires yet,
Yet I'me an old man, a fond doting foole
Vpon a woman, I to buy her beauty,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And ſhe for my acquaintance hazards here,
Yet for our equall ſuffrings, none holds out
A hand of pitty.

Dor. Let him haue ſome Muſicke.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.

Dell. Take againe your bed Sir,
Sleepe is a ſoueraigne Phyſicke.

Ant. Take an Aſſes head Sir,
Confuſion on your ſooleries, your charmes,
Thou ſtinking Gliſter-pipe, where's the god of reſt,
Thy Pills, and baſe Apothecary drugges
Threatned to bring vnto me, out you Impoſtors,
Quackſaluing, cheating Mountbankes, your skill
Is to make ſound men ſicke, and ſicke men kill.

Mac. O be your ſelfe deare friend.

Ant. My ſelfe *Antonella*,
How can I be my ſelfe, when I am thangled
Into a thouſand peeces, heere ſnarles my head,
But wheres my heart? where ouer, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius dragging in Dorothea by the Haire, Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me thou damn'd Sorceres, call vp thy ſpirits,
And if they can, now let 'em from my hand
Vntwine theſe witching haires.

Ant. I am that ſpirit,
Or if I be not (were you not my father)
One made of Iron ſhould hew that hand in peeces
That ſo defaces this ſweete Monument
Of my loues beauty?

Sap. Art thou ſicke?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Would'ſt thou recouer?

Ant. Would I liue in bliſſe?

Sap. And doe thine eyes ſhoote daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Ant. It is not in the world?

Sap. Iſt heere?

Ant. Oh Treaſure, by enchantment lock'd
In Caues as deepe as hell, am I as neere.

Sap. Breake that enchanted Caue, enter, and riſe

The ſpoyles thy luſt hunts after, I deſcend
To a baſe office, and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing, make her thy Whore,
Thy health lies heere, if ſhe deny to giue it,
Force it, imagine thou aſſaulteſt a towne,
Weake wall, too't, tis thine owne, beat but this downe,
Come, and vnſeene, be witneſſe to this battry,
How the coy ſtrumpet yeelds.
Dor. Shall the boy ſtay ſir.
Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are vs'd to theſe odde bawdy
Shufflings, and indeede are thoſe
Little yong ſnakes in a Furies head
Will ſting worſe then the great ones,
Let the Pimpe ſtay. *Exeunt aſide.*
Dor. Oh guard me Angels,
What Tragedy muſt begin now?
Ant. When a Tyger
Leapes into a tymerous heard, with rauenous Iawes
Being hunger-ſtarv'd, what Tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death I am happy ſo, you hitherto
Haue ſtill had goodnes ſpard within your eyes,
Let not that Orbe be broken.
Ang. Feare not Miſtreſſe,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are ſtrong enough for ſuch a ſickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpoſe ſir, your eye
Beares danger in it?
Ant. I muſt,
Dor. What.
Sap. Speake it out.
Ant. Climbe that ſweete Virgin tree.
Sap. Plague a your trees,
Ant. And pluck that fruit which none I think euer taſted
Sap. A ſouldier, and ſtand fumbling ſo.
Dor. O Kill me, *Kneeles.*
And heauen will take it as a ſacrifice,
But if you play the Rauiſher, there is

A Hell to ſwallow you.

Sap. Let her ſwallow thee.

Ant. Riſe for the Romane Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour, pleaſure forc'd
Are vnripe Apples, ſowre, not worth the plucking,
Yet let me tell you, tis my fathers will,
That I ſhould ſeize vpon you as my prey,
Which I abhorre as much as the blackeſt ſinne
The villany of man did euer act. *Sapritius breakes in*

Aug. Dye happy for this language. *and Macrinus.*

Sap. Dye a ſlaue,
A blockiſh Ideot.

Mac. Deare ſir, vexe him not.

Sap. Yes, and vexe thee too, both I thinke are geldings,
Cold, Phlegmatike Baſtard, th'art no brat of mine,
One ſparke of me, when I had heate like thine
By this had made a Bonefire: a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thruſt euen into thine armes,
And ſtandſt thou puling? had a Taylor ſeene her
Hee at this aduantage, he with his croſſe-capers
Had rufled her by this, but thou ſhalt curſe
Thy dalliance, and heere before her eyes
Teare thy fleſh in peeces, when a ſlaue
In hot luſt bathes himſelfe, and gluts thoſe pleaſures
Thy niceneſſe durſt not touch, call out a ſlaue,
You Captaine of our guard, fetch a ſlaue hither. *exit.*

Ant. What will you do deere Sir.

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many would learne
In leſſe then halfe an houre, to play the Whore.

Enter a Slaue.

Mac. A Slaue is to me, what now.

Sap. Thou haſt bones and fleſh
Enough to ply thy labour, from what country
Wert thou tane Priſoner, heere to be our ſlaue.

Slaue. From Brittaine.

Sap. In the weſt Ocean.

Slaue

Sla. Yes.
Sap. An Iland.
Sla. Yes.
Sap. I am fitted, of all Nations
Our Romane swords euer conquer'd, none comes neere
The *Britaine* for true whooring: sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou doe to gaine thy liberty?
Sla. Doe? liberty? fight naked with a Lyon,
Venture to plucke a Standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion: liberty? I do thus
Bestride a Rampire, and defiance spit
I'th face of death, then, when the bearing Ram
Were fetching his careere backward to passe
Me with his horne in peeces: to shake my chaines off,
And that I could not doe't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on thiadry Pisare, on a rock
Ten Piramids high, downe would I leape to kill thee,
Or dye my selfe: what is for man to doe
Ile venture on, to be no more a slaue.
Sap. Thou shalt then be no slaue, for I wil set thee
Vpon a peece of worke is fit for man,
Braue for a Britaine, drag that Thing aside
And rauish her.
Sla. And rauish her? is this your manly seruice,
A Diuell scornes to doo't, tis for a beast,
A villaine, not a man, I am as yet
But halfe a slaue, but when that worke is past,
A damned whole one, a blacke vgly slaue,
The slaue of all base slaues, doo't thy selfe Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. Hees bewitch'd too,
Binde him, and with a Baſtinado giue him
Vpon his naked belly 200. blowes.
Sla. Thou art more slaue then I. *exit carried in.*
Dor. That power supernall on whom waites my soule,
Is Captaine ore my chastity. Ant. Good sir giue ore,
The more you wrong her, your selfes vex'd the more;
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee; thus downe I throw

Thy Harlot thus bi'th haire, naile her to earth,
Call in ten slaues, let euery one discouer
What lust desires, and surfet heere his fill,
Call in ten slaues.

Ang. They are come sir at your call.

Sap. O oh. *Falls downe.*

Enter Theophilus.

The. Where is the Gouernour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

The. My Lord, *Sapricius*, hee's not dead, my Lord,
That Witch there.

Ant. Tis no Romane gods can strike
These fearefull terrors, O thou happy maid,
Forgiue this wicked purpose of my father.

Dor. I doe.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: tis thou
Hast done this act infernall.

Dor. Heauen pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance downe
(I can no myracles worke) yet from my soule
Pray to those powers I serue, he may recouer.

The. He stirres, helpe, raise him vp, my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheeke is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Wheres the *Lamia*
That teares my entrailes? I'me bewitch'd, seize on her!

Dor. I'me heere, do what you please.

The. Spurne her too'th barre.

Dor. Come boy, being there, more neere to heauen we are

Sap. Kicke harder, goe out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloudy hangmen, thine own gods giue thee breth,
Each of thy tortors is my seuerall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax Hircius, and Spungius.

Har. Doe you like my seruice now, say am not I
A Master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance, I had rather licke cleane the soles of

Your

your durty bootes, then weare the richeſt ſute of any infected Lord, whoſe rotten life hangs betweene the 2 Poles.

Hir. A Lords ſute! I wud not giue vp the cloake of your ſeruice to meet the ſplay-foot eſtate of any leſſey'd knight aboue the Antipodes, becauſe they are vnlucky to meete.

Har. This day ile try your loues to me, tis onely
But well to vſe the agility of your armes,

Spun. Or legs, I am lufty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legges.

Spun. Thou't runne into ſome hole.

Hir. If I meet one that's more thē my match, & that I cannot ſtand in their hands, I muſt be will creep on my knees.

Har. Heere me my little teeme of villaines, heare me,
I cannot teach you Fencing with theſe Cudgels,
Yet you muſt vſe them, lay them on but ſoundly
Thats all.

Hir. Nay if we come to mauling once, puh,

Spun. But what Wall-nut tree is it we muſt beate.

Har. Your Miſtreſſe.

Hir. How! my Miſtreſſe! I begin to haue a Chriſtians heart, made of ſweet butter, I melt, I cannot ſtrike a womā.

Hir. Nor I, vnleſſe ſhe ſcratch, burn my miſtreſſe!

Har. Y'are Coxcombes, ſilly Animals,

Hir. Whats that?

Har. Drones, Aſſes, blinded Moles, that dare not thruſt
Your armes out to catch Fortune, ſay you fall off,
It muſt be done, you are conuerted Raſcalls,
And that once ſpred abroad, why euery ſlaue
Will kicke you, call you motley Chriſtians,
And halfe fac'd Chriſtians. (leather,

Spun. The guts of my conſcience beginne to be of whit-

Hir. I doubt me I ſhall haue no ſweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meete,
Shall forked fingers thruſt into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Doe this, and euery god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall adde a fadome to your line of yeeres.

Spun. A hundred fadome, I deſire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer,

Har. The Senators will as you passe along
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand glue you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be can get a nayle,
The parings on, nay the dust under the nayle
Of any of you both, so say this dust
Belong'd to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want dust under my nayles, ile keepe 'em long of purpole, for now my fingers itch to bee at her.

Hir. The first thing I doe He take her o're the lips.

Spun. And I the lips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine owne, stand by, I must not
To see this dotte, great bullies ile calls me hence,
Mee's made em while her turne his violence.

Spun. Feare it not sir, her ribs shall be bilbo'd.

Hir. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble bobble,
And thwicke thwacke thirlery bounce.

Enter Dorothea lead Theophilus, a Guard attending, Harpax with Cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angels by her.

Sap. According to our Romane customes, binde
That Christian to a Pillar.

Theo. Infernall Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To teare thy flesh, thy bones, 'twere a torture
Fit to the Vengeance, I should heape on thee,
For wrongs done me: me? for slight offences
By thee done to our gods, yet (lo) I stand
To great *Cesareas* Governors high pleasure)
Bow but thy Knee to *Jupiter* and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or doe but sweare

By

By *Cæsars* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsars* fortune, were it chaind
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,
And all those worlds deserve after him I defie
Your hangmen; you must shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrinke not deare mistresse.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two! whom I like fosterd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starued life with bread.
You be my hangmen? you whom when up the ladder
Death had you to be strangled, I fetcht downe
Clothd you, and warmd you, you are my tormentors.

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Diuine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike. *Strike at her Angelo kneeles.*

Theo. Beate out her brayns. *they hold her fast.*

Dor. Receiue me you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaues.

Spun. Faster? I am out of breath: I am sure if I were to beate a bucke, I can strike no harder.

Hur. O mine arme, I cannot lift it to my head.

Dor. Ioy about ioy, are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limbe? yeeld faire hopes
And feast your fury full.

Theo. These dogs are ours. *runs from his fury.*
Which snarle, yet bite not: see my Lord's face
Has more bewitching beauty then before,
Prowd whore: it smiles, as not an eye here out
With these.

Hur. No sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of Iron worke.

Sap. Let vs view the gadgets, are they not counterfeit.

Mar. There fixe thine eye still, thy glorious crown must
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdome; [come
There fixe thine eye still, when we next do meet,

Not thornes, but roses shall beare vp thy feet:
There fixe thine eye still. *exit.*

Enter Harpax *sneaking.*

Dor. Euer, euer, euer.

Theo. Wee are mock'd, these bats haue power downe to fell gyants, yet her skin is not scar'd.

Sap. What rogues are these.

Theo. Cannot these force a shreeke. *beats them.*

Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now fiue more are broken.

Theo. Cannot this make her roare. *beates torher he*

Sa. Who hir'd these slaues? what are they? *roares*

Spun. We serue that noble Gentleman there, he entitles vs to this dry-beating, oh for one halfe pot.

Har. My seruants! two base rogues, & sometimes seruants To her, and for that cause forbeare to hurt her.

Sap. Vnbinde her, hang vp these.

Theo. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang vs! master *Harpax*, what a diuell shall we be thus vsde.

Har. What bandogs but you two wud worry a woman! Your mistresse! I but clape you, your fleawons Say I should get your liues, each rascall begger Would when he met you, cry, out helhounds, traitors Spit at you, fling durt at you, and no woman Euer endure your sight: tis your best course (Now had you secret knives) to stab your selues, But since you haue not, goe and be hang'd.

Hir. I thanke you.

Har. Tis your best course.

Theo. Why stay they trifling here! To gallowes drag 'em by the heeles: away.

Spun. By the heeles! no sir, wee haue legges to doe vs that seruice.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me. *exeunt.*

Har. Dispatch 'em.

Spun. The diuell dispatch thee. *exit.*

Sap.

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, *Theophilus*.
See this witch made away to.
Theo. My foule thirst for it,
Come, I my selfe, thy hangmans part could play.
Dor. Oh hasten me to my coronation day. *exeunt*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, *servants*.

Anton. Is this the place where vertue is to suffer,
And heauenly beauty leauing this base earth,
To make a glad returne from whence it came,
Is it *Macrinus*? *a scaffold thrust forth*
Mac. By this preparation
You well may rest assured that *Dorothea*
This houre is to die here.
Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman.
Set me downe friend, that see the iron hand
Of death close vp mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leaue both of this light, and her,
For she being gone, the glorious Sun himselfe
To me's *Cymerian* darknesse.
Macr. Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills in stead of giuing life.
Anton. Nay weepe not,
Though teares of friendship be a soueraigne balme,
On me they are cast away, it is decreed
That I must die with her, one clew of life
Was spun together.
Macr. Yet sir tis my wonder
That you who hearing onely what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be
To adde to your calamitie, an eye witnesse
Of her last Tragicke scene, which must pierce deeper
And make the wound more desperate?
Anton. O *Macrinus*,
I would linger out my torment else, not kill me,

Which

Which is the end I aime at, being to die to.
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Then what is made sharpe by my constant loue,
And true affection. It may be the duty
And loyall seruice with which I purside her,
And seald it with my death, will be remembred
Among her blessed actions, and what honor
Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, *a bond-woman before her, followed by* Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appeares, more like
To heauen it selfe then any sacrifice
That can be offerd to it. By my hopes
Of ioyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my beleefe, nor can I thinke our gods
Are good, or to be serud, that take delight
In offrings of this kinde, that to maintaine
Their power, deface the masterpeece of nature,
Which they themselues come short of, as she ascends,
An euery step raises her neerer heauen.
What god so ere thou art that must inioy her,
Receiue in her a boundlesse happinesse
Sap. You are too blame
To let him come abroade.
Macr. It was his will,
And we were left to serue him, not command him.
Auron. Good sir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy obiect
That I shall ere be blest with.
Theo. Now proud contemner
Of vs and of our gods, tremble to thinke
It is not in the power thou seru'st, to saue thee.
Not all the riches of the sea inrould
By violent shipwrackes, nor the vnsearched mines
Mammons vnknowne exchequer shall redeeme thee.

And

And therefore hasting thee with horror weigh
What tis to die, and to the yonger part with
All pleasures, and delightfully, to goe
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to adde to affliction the remembrance
Of the *Elysian* ioyes thou might'st haue tasted,
Hadst thou not turnd Apostata to those gods
That so reward their seruants, let despayre
Preuent the hangmans sword, and on the instant
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Anton. She smiles,
Vnmou'd by *Hell*, as if she were afraid
Death looking on her constancy would forget
The vse of his inexorable hand.

Theo. Derided to disdaine? I cry.

Dor. Thou foole
That glories't in hauing power to resist
A trifle from me? Fame away off
What is this life to me not worth a thought
Or if to be esteemd, 'tis that I loose
To win a better, eu'n thy selfe scorne
To me but as a ladder to mount vp
To such a height of happinesse where I shall
Looke downe with scorne on thee, and on the world,
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd aboue
The reach of death or time, I will be my glory
To thinke at what an easie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No ioynt benumming cold, nor scorching heate,
Famine nor age haue any being there
Forget for shame your Tempe boutie is
Obliuion, your fainde your *Hesperian* Orchards
The Golden fruite kept by the watchfull Dragon
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what growes in all plenty there,
Deserues not to be nam'd. The power I scorne
Laughs at your happy *Arabia* for the

Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.
Anton. O take me thither with you.
Dero. Trace my steps
And be assurd you shall.
Sap. With mine owne hands
Ile rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feauer.
Theo. By no meanes,
Let him go with her, do seduc'd yong man,
And waite vpon thy saint in death, do do,
And when you come to that imagind place,
That place of all delights, pray you obserue me,
And meete those curst'd things I once call'd daughters,
Whom I haue sent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulnesse to me that with care hasten
Your iourney thither, pray send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.
Ant. Grant that I may goe with her, and I will.
Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute dam thy selfe?
Theo. The gates to hell are open.
Dor. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the diuell thy great master,
Though thou art most vnworthy to talk of it,
I can and will.

Enter Angel in the Virgils habit.

Har. Oh! mountaines fall vpon me,
Or hide me in the bottome of the deepe,
Where light may neuer find me.
Theo. Whats the matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.
Theo. *Harpax* my *Harpax* speake.
Har. I dare not stay,
Should I but heare her once more I were lost,
Some whirlewinde snatch me from this curst'd place,
To which compar'd (and with what now I suffer)
Hels torments are sweet slumbers.

Exit Harpax.

Sap.

Sap. Follow him.

Theo. He is distracted, and I must not loose him,
Thy charms vpon my seruant cursed witch,
Gives thee a short reprieue, let her not die
Till my returne.

Exeunt Sap. and Theo.

Anton. She minds him not, what obiect
Is her eye fixd on?

Macr. I see nothing.

Anton. Marke her.

Dore. Thou glorious minister of the power I serue,
For thou art more then mortall, ill for me
Poore sinner, thou art pleasd awhile to leane
Thy heauenly habilliments and vouchsafest
Though glorified, to take my seruants habit,
For put off thy diuinitie, so looked
My louely *Angelo.*

Ange. Know I am the same,
And still the seruant to your pietie,
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first wonne me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent 'em)
To guide your steps. I tride your charitie,
When in a beggers shape you tooke me vp
And clothd my naked limbes, and after fed
(As you beleeu'd) my famishd mouth. Learne all
By your example to looke on the poore
With gentle eyes, for in such habits often
Angels desire an Almes. I never left you,
Nor will I now, for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soule to ioyes eternall,
Your martyrdome once sufferd, and before it
Aske any thing from me, and rest assur'd
You shall obtaine it.

Dore. I am largely payd
For all my torments, since I find such grace
Grant that the loue of this yong man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the loue of heauen,

Ange. I will performe it.

And in that instant when the sword severs
Your happy soule his shall haste hitherto.
Is there ought else?
Dor. For proofe that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorne desir'd
To tast of that most famed fruite I grew
After my death as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.
Ange. Willingly deere Mistresse.
Mar. Excellent.
That yeelds a comfortable juice with kindnesse
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was,
See I can stand, and goe alone, thus kneeling
To heavenly *Dorothea*, sends her hand
With a religious kisse.
Enter Sapritius *and* Theophilus.
Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawne hither.
Theoph. In meane time,
We can discharge this matter without his helpe.
But see your sonne.
Sapr. Villaine.
Anton. Sir I beseech you,
Being so neere our ends dispose we not
Theo. Ile quickly make a separation of 'em.
Hast thou ought else to say?
Dorothea. Nothing but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest,
My peace is made with heaven, now bids my soule
Begins to take her flight, strike, O strike quickly,
And though you envie me so much as my death
Hereafter when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea* with wet eyes
She liu'd a virgin, and a virgin dies.
Anton. O take my soule along to waite on mine.
Mar. Your sonne sir is so.
Sap. Already dead.
Theo. Die all.
That are or favour this accursed Saint,

I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead Carkasses, to ore-looke
The *Pyrenean* Hils, but ile roote out
These superstitious fooles, and leave the World
No name of Christian. *Exeunt Angelus cum Angelo*
Sap. His heavenly Musicke *hearing first laid his hand vp*
Mac. 'Tis in the ayre. *on their mouthes.*
Tho. Illusions of the Diuell
Wrought by some one of her Religion,
That fame would make her deathe miracle,
It frights not me: because he is your friend
Let him haue buriall, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some high way,
And be to Vultures and to Dogges prey. *exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Theophilus to his study, Books about him.

Tho. IS't Holliday (Oh *Caesar*) that thy Seruant,
(Thy Proxie) to see execution done
On these base Christians in *Cappadocia*)
Should now want weake fleepe these Idolaters
That none are stirring. *Ah gentlemen Pebbles.* *Ejects.*
When he has made some admirable peece,
Stands off, and with a louing eye ouerpies
Each colours howe 'tis laide, and then hugs
Himselfe for his rare workemanship. So here
Will I my Diotleries and bloudy Lanskips *Sits.*
Long past wrap'd vp vnfold to make me merry
With shadowes, now I want the substances. *Reads.*
My Muster-booke of Hel-hounds, were the Christians
Whose names stand here (alive) and serue not Rome
Could impose vpon her Hindges. What I haue done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poore tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeale, and ſtreames of ſeruice
I owe our Romane gods. *Great Britaine*, what
A thouſand wiues with brats ſucking their breſts,
Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and throwne to ſwine,
And then their fleſhy backparts hewed with hatchets,
Were mine'd and bak'd in Pies to feede ſtaru'd Chriſtians.
Ha, ha.
Agen, agen, -- *Eaſt. e Anglas* --, oh, Eaſt-Angles,
Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
1000. Brittiſh Raſcals, fyed vp, fat
Of purpoſe, ſtrip'd naked, and diſarm'd.
I could outſtare a yeere of Sunnes and Moones,
To ſit at theſe ſweete Bul-baitings, ſo I could
Thereby but one Chriſtian win to fall
In adoration to my *Iupiter*. Twelue hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augors out: oh! eleuen thouſand
Torne by wild beaſts: two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To'th armepits, and full Platters round about 'em,
But farre enough for reaching, eate dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Riſe*
Tuſh, all theſe tortures are but phillipings, *Conſort,*
Flea-bitings; I before the deſtinies *enter Angelo with a*
My bottome did winde vp, would fleſh my ſelfe *Basket*
Once more, vpon ſome one remarkeable *filld with fruit*
Aboue all theſe, this Chriſtian. But was well, *and flowers.*
A pretty one, but let ſuch horror follow
The next I feede with, torments, that when Rome
Shall heare it, her foundation at the ſound
May feele an Earth-quake. How now? *Muſicke.*
Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir -- ſo great a Romane ſpirit and does it tremble.
The. How cam'ſt thou in? to whom thy buſineſſe?
Ang. To you
I had a miſtreſſe late ſent hence by you
Vpon a bloudy errand, you intreated
That when ſhe came into that bleſſed Garden
Whither ſhe knew ſhe went, and where (now happy)
Shee feedes vpon all ioy, ſhe would ſend to you
Some of that Garden fruit and flowers, which heere

To

To haue her promiſe ſau'd are brought by me.

Dor. Cannot I ſee this Garden?

Ang. Yes, if the Maſter
Will giue you entrance. *Angelo vaniſheth.*

Dor. 'Tis a tempting fruit; and the moſt bright check'd
child I euer view'd,
Sweete ſmelling goodly fruit, what flowers are theſe?
In *Diocleſians* Gardens, the moſt beauteous
Compard with theſe are weedes: is it not February?
The ſecond day ſhe dyed: Froſt, Ice and ſnowe
Hang on the beard of Winter, where's the ſunne
That guilds this ſummer, pretty ſweete boy, ſay in what
Country
Shall a man find this Garden——, my delicate boy, gone!
Vaniſhed!
Within there, *Iuliana* and *Cyprian*.

Enter two Seruants.

Both. My Lord.

Dor. Are my gates ſhut?

1. And guarded.

Dor. Saw you not —— a boy.

2. Where?

Dor. He's here entred, a young Lad, a mod bleſſings
danc'd vpon his eyes, a ſmooth fac'd glorious Thing, that
brought this Basket.

1. No ſir!

Dor. Away, but be in ſeach: my voyce calls you,
No Ivaniſh'd! and not ſatisfie, be thou a ſpirit
Sent from that Witch to mock me, I am ſure
This is eſſentiall, and how ere it growes,
Will taſte it. *Eats.*

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, *Eats vnbidden.*

Dor. So good, ile haue more now ſure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great licoriſh fool.

Dor. What art thou?

Har. A Fiſherman.

Dor. What doſt thou catch?

Har. Soules, ſoules, a fiſh cal'd ſoules.

Dor.

Enter a Seruant.

The. Geta.

1. My Lord.

Her. Ha,ha,ha,ha, *Within.*

The. What insolent slaue is this dares laugh at me?
Or what ist the dog grinnes at so?

1. I neither know my Lord of what, nor whom, for there is none without but my fellow *Iuliana*, and hee's making a Garland for *Iupiter*.

The. *Iupiter* I all within me is not well,
And yet not sicke:

Her. Ha,ha,ha,ha. *Within.*

The. What's thy name slaue?

Her. Goe locke. *Aloud.*

1. Tis *Harpax* voyce.

The. *Harpax*, goe drag that Caitiffe to my feete,
That I may stampe vpon him.

Her. Foole, thou lyest. *At the other end.*

1. Hee's yonder now my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end
Whilst I make good this.

Her. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha. *At the middle.*

The. Hee's at Barli-breake, and the last couple are now in hell, *Seuerall.*
Search for him, all this ground me thinkes is bloody,
And pau'd with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I haue tooke, and like my slaues vsed,
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape Angelicall, mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A paire of glorious wings, yea they were wings,
And hence he flew; tis vanished, *Iupiter*,
For all my sacrifices done to thee
Never once gau'st me fruitfull howres from sports, musicke,
Or woodden Image laugh? hall remember
Such Musicke gaue a welcome to my sense,
When the faire youth came to me in the Lyre,
Or from some better place, a powre diuine,

Through

Through my darke ignorance on my soule does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all fir'd one,
Nay drown'd and damn'd for euer in Christian gote.
Har. Ha,ha,ha. *Wishes.*
The. Agen, what dainty nellish on my tongue
This fruit hath left, some Angell hash me fed,
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *eates another.*
Har, Hold. *Enter Harpax in a seare-*
The. Not for *Cæsar.* *full shape, fire flashing out*
Har. But for me thou shalt. *of the fruit.*
The. Thou art no Twin to him that
Last was here.
You powers whom my soule bids me reuerence
Guard me: What art thou?
Har. I'me thy Master.
The. Mine.
Har. And thou my euerlasting slaue, that *Harpax,*
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy Hell
Am I.
The. Auant.
Har. I will not, cast thou downe
That Basket with the things in't, and fetch vp
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drinke
Which I shall giue thee, and I'me gon.
The. My Fruit!
Does this offend thee? see
Har. Spet it to th'earth,
And tread vpon it, or ile peece-meale teare thee.
The. Art thou with this affrighted? see, heares more. *Flow-*
Har. Fling them away, ile take thee safe & hang thee *ers.*
In a contorted Chaine of Ysicles
I'th frigid Zone: downe with them.
The. At the botome,
One thing I found not yet, yes, *A cresse of Flowers.*
Har. Oh, I'me tormen'd.
The. Can this doo't, hence thou Fiend infernall hence.
Har. Claspe *Iupiters* Image, and away with that.
The. At thee ile fling that *Iupiter*, for me thinkes

I serue a better Master, he now checkes me
For murthering my two daughters, poxe on thee,
By thy damn'd Rhetoricke did I hum the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the Axe nor me,
But sends the Serpents to sting, and the cruell
Ore worlds to hinder her, and from the white hand
To beg a forgiuenesse.

Har. No, Ile hunt thee heere.

The. I feele new strength about thine arme this fatall weapon me thinkes is Armour hard enough.

Har. Keepe from me. *Sinkes with her.*

The. Art panting to thy center? down hel-hound, down,
Me hast thou lost, that arme which hurles thee hence
Saue me, and set me vp the strong defence
In the faire Christians quarrel. *Enter Angelo.*

Ang. Feare thy knees thrust,
Nor be thou shaken with a Caesars vengeance,
Though thousand deaths were in it: and I then
Will bring thee to a Riuer that shall wash
Thy bloudy hands cleane, and more white then Snow,
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heauenly token to thee, Spread this proud wing
And serue then Caesar, a farre greater King. *exit.*

The. It is, it is some Angell, vanish'd againe!
Oh come back rauishing Boy, bright Messenger,
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my soule, now looke I backe
On my blinde Tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudiest, thou shalt guide me,
Teach me what I must do, and to doe well,
That my last act, the best may Paralell. *exit.*

Enter Diocletian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Marsdon, meeting Artemia, attendants.

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend vpon

Trium-

Triumphant *Cæsar*.

Dio. Let thy wish faire Daughter
Be equally deuided, and hereafter
Learne thou to know and reuerence *Maximinus*,
Whose power with mine vnited makes one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I feare 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tide
As loue, and Empire, I should say till now
I neere had seene a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistresse.

Art. Sir, you shew your selfe
Both Courtier and Souldier, but take heede,
Take heede my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my seruant
Cannot dart forth such beames as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heate will thaw your heart
Though bound in ribs of Ice, loue still is loue,
His Bow and Arrowes are the same, great *Iulius*
That to his successors left the name of *Cæsar*
Whom warre could neuer ruine, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plaines of *Pharsalia*, couer'd
With the dead Carkasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other Lord but him, strucke deepe in yeeres to,
And men grey haird forget the heate of youth
After all this, meeting faire *Cleopatra*,
A suppliant to the magicke of her eye,
Euen in his pride of conquest tooke him captiue,
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd
(But by the gods you are most excellent)
Your grauity and discretion should ouercome me,
And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner
To your faire vertues, then of all the Honours,
VVealth, Title, Empire, this my sword hath purchas'd.

Dio. This meetes my wishes, welcome sir *Artemia*
VVith out-stretch'd armes, and study to forget

That *Antoninus* euer was thy fate
Reseru'd thee for this better choise, embrace it.
Ep. This happy match brings new nerues to glue strength
To our continued league. *Macr. Hymen* himselfe
Will blesse this marriage which we will solemnize
In the presence of these Kings.
Pon. Who rest most happy
To be eye-witnesses of a Match that brings
Peace to the Empire.
Diocles. We much thanke your loues,
But wher's *Sapritius* our Gouernour,
And our most zealous prouost good *Theophilus*?
If euer Prince were blest in a true seruant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand for ingag'd to cherish
His pietie and seruice.
Artem. Sir the Gouernour
Brookes sadly his sonnes losse although he turnd
Apostata in death, but bold *Theophilus*
Who for the same cause in my presence sealed
His holy anger on his daughters hearts
Hauing with tortures first tride to conuert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head.
Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his owne mouth I would gladly heare
The manner how she suffer'd.
Arte. 'Twill be deliuerd
With such contempt and scorne, I know his nature
That rather t'will beget your highnesse laughter
Then the least pittie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Antoninus.

Dio. To that end I would heare it.
Arte. He comes, with him the Gouernour.
Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneſſe,
But yet remembring that you are a father,
I will forget it, good *Theophilus*
Ile speake with you anone: neere your eare, to *Sapritius*.

Theo.

Theo. By *Antonius* soule I do coniure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding whats the cause that moues me,
Receiue my signet, by the power of this
Go to my prisons, and release all Christia n
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what shall follow?
Theo. Hasten them to the port,
You there shall finde two tall ships ready rig'd,
In which embarke the poore distressed soules
And beare them from the reach of tyranny,
Enquire not whither you are bound, the dietie
That they adore will giue you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your trauaile: leaue me here
There is a scene that I must act alone.
Haste good *Mauricus*, and the great God guide you.
Mac. Ile vndertake't, theres some thing prompts me to it
Tis to saue innocent blood, a Saintlike act,
And to be mercifull has neuer beene
By morrall men themselues esteemd a sin. *exit Mac.*
Dioc. You know your charge.
Sap. And will with care obserue it.
Dio. For I professe he is not *Cæsars* friend
That sheds a teare for any torture that
A Christians suffers. Welcome my best seruant
My carefull, zealous Prouost, thou hast toyld
To satisfie my will though in extreames,
I loue thee for't, thou art firme rocke, no changeling:
Prethee deliuer, and for my sake do it
Without excesse of bitternesse or scoffes
Before my brother and these kings, how coole
The Christian her death.
Theo. And such a presence
Though euery priuate head in this large roome
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crowne,
Her story will deserue, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Diocle. Ha! how's this?

Theo. O marke it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would heare an Embassie from heauen
By a wing'd Legate, for the truth deliuerd,
Both how and what this blessed virgin sufferd:
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise vp with reuerence, and no more
As things vnworthy of your thoughts remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were
Which lying *Greece* so boasts of, your owne matrons
Your *Romane* dames whose figures you yet keepe
As holy relickes in her historie
Will find a second vrne. *Graechus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina that in death desirde to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*
That swallowd burning coales to ouertake him,
Though all their seuerall worths were giuen to one
With this is to be mention'd.

Maximinus. Is he mad?

Dioc. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.

Theo. They out of desperation
Are for vaine glory of an aftername
Parted with life. This had not murderous sonnes
As the rash *Graechi* were, nor was this Saint
A doting mother as *Cornelia* was
This lost no husband in whose ouerthrow
Her wealth and honour sunke, no feare of want
Did make her being tedious, but aiming
At an immortall crowne, and in his cause
Who onely can bestow it, who sent downe
Legions of ministring Angels to beare vp
Her spotlesse soule to heauen, who entertaind it
With choyce celestiall musicke, equall to
To the motion of the spheres, she vncompeld
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Saprtius*,
You were present at her death, did you ere here
Such rauishing sounds?

Sapr:

Sap. Yet you sayd then it was witchcraft,
And diuelliſh illuſions.

Theo. I then heard it
With ſinfull eares, and belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his dietie, which (how I know not,
Nor did beleeue in him.

Diocl. Why doſt thou now for dar'ſt thou in our hearing?

Theoph. Were my voyce
As lowd as is his thunder, to be heard
Through al the world, all powers on earth
Ready to burſt with rage ſhould they but heare it,
Though hell to ayde their malice let her furies
Yet I would ſpeake, and ſpeake againe, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the power you worſhip
But dreames of fooles and madmen.

Maximus. Lay hands on him.

Dio. Thou twice a child (his doting age ſo makes thee)
Thou couldſt not elſe thy pilgrimage of life,
Being almoſt paſt through in the laſt moment,
Deſtroy what ere thou haſt done good or great,
Thy youth did promiſe much, and growne a man
Thou madeſt it good, and with encreaſe of yeares
Thy actions ſtill bettered as the Sunne
Thou did riſe gloriouſly, kept a conſtant courſe
In all thy iourney, and now in the euening
When thou ſhouldſt paſſe with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sapritius. Yet confeſſe
That thou art mad, and that thy tong and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Doe, no way is left elſe
To ſaue thy life *Theophilus*.

Diocl. But refuſe it
Deſtruction as horrid and as ſodaine
Shall fall vpon thee, as if hell ſtood open
And thou wert ſinking thither.

Theoph. Here me yet
Here for my ſeruice paſt,

Artem.

Artem. What will he say?

Theo. As euer I deseru'd your fauour here me,
And grant one boone, tis not for life I sue for,
Nor is it fit that I that nere knew pitty
To any Christian, being one my selfe
Should looke for any: no, I rather beg
The vtmost of your cruelty, I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths,
And were it possible that I could die
A day for euery one, then liue againe
To be againe tormented, twere to me
An easie pennance, and I should passe through
A gentle clensing fire, but that denyde me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My sute is you would haue no pitty on me.
In mine owne house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelties, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feele
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despaire not
In this thou shalt preuaile, go fetch 'em hither, *some go for the racke.*
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once
And so appeare before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pinsors torne, shall feed
The fire that heates them, and whats wanting to
The torture of thy body, Ile supply
In punishing thy mind: fetch all the Christians
That are in hold, and here before his face
Cut 'em in peeces.

Theo. Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I euer did,
They are remou'd out of thy raech, how ere
I was determin'd for my sinnes to die,
I first tooke order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,

Make

Make euery artery and sinew crack,
The slaue that makes him giue the lowdest shrike
Shall haue ten thousand Drachmes, wretch ile force thee
To curse the power thou worship'st.

The. Neuer, neuer,
No breath of mine shall euer be spent on him,
But what shall speake his Maiesty or mercy:
I am honour'd in my suffrings, weake tormentors:
More tortures, more: alas you are vnskilfull,
For Heauens sake more; my brest is yet vntorne:
Heere purchase the reward that was propounded,
The Irons coole, heere are armes yet and thighes,
Spare no part of me.

They tormant him.

Max. He endures beyond
The suffrance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor grone
To witnesse he has feeling.

Dio. Harder Villaines.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Vnlesse that he blaspheme hee's lost for euer,
If torments euer could bring forth despaire,
Let these compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies againe.

falls downe.

Enter Dorothea in a white robe, crownes vpon her robe, a Crowne vpon her head, lead in by the Angell. Antoninus, Calist and Christeta following all in white, but lesse glorious, the Angell with a Crowne for him.

The. Most glorious vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dreame
So heauenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make hast
To take that crowne of immortality
You offer to me; death till this blest minute
I neuer thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now for any paine I suffer,
But that thou kept'st me from a glorious wreath
Which through this stormy way I would creepe to,

And humbly kneeling with humility weare it.
Oh now I feele thee, blessed spirit, I come
And witnesse for me, all these woundes and skarres,
I die a souldier in the Christian warres. *dies.*

Sap. I haue seene thousands tortur'd, but nere yet
A constancy like this.

Harpax. I am twise damn'd.

Ang. Hasse to thy place appointed cursed fiend,
In spite of hell this souldier wnot thy preys,
Tis I haue wonne, thou that hast lost the day. *exit Angelo*

Dio. I thinke the center of the earth be cracht, *she shrell*
Yet I still stand vnmou'd, and will go on, *shakes with*
The persecution that is here begun, *lightning.*
Through all the world with violence shall run.

flourish exeunt.

FINIS.